

WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
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The Wages of Sin.

(A Story of Paris.)

JEAN drifted away from the godly teaching of his peasant mother soon after he entered Paris, the beautiful and wicked metropolis. His hard-earned wages quickly left him over the card-table, and drink found in him an easy victim.

So it came that after six years of residence in Paris Jean was one of the hardest and most reckless of men, and feared for his strength and terrible temper. Gambling grew on him, but he was not clever enough to learn to cheat, or to learn to play well.

One evening he sat in a tavern in the poorer quarters, playing cards with some of the laborers and artisans of the neighborhood, when, exasperated by his continual losses, he accused

his opponent of cheating. The accused answered him back coolly, but sneeringly. Stung to the quick, and frenzied by reckless drinking, he drew his knife and stabbed his tormentor before anyone could prevent him.

The blow nearly proved fatal, but after months of nursing the victim's life was spared, and Jean was saved from the gallows. The judge condemned him to ten years' penal servitude; he was pardoned on account of his good conduct in prison when eight years of the sentence had been served.

Jean was once more a free man. While in jail he had seen the fearful consequences of sin, especially the terrible havoc drink and temper had played with his life, and now that he

was free he longed to begin life again. His heart, that had become bitter in prison, softened when liberty was his, and while scarcely knowing which way to turn, he strayed by mere chance, as some will say, but we believe by God's leading, into the Army hall.

The meeting seemed altogether strange to him, and deep admiration and respect for the leader's earnestness and piety mingled with contempt and disgust at some of the Army's peculiar methods, seemed almost sacrilegious to him at times.

On the following day Jean secured employment as teamster, which seldom gave him time to get away early in the evening, but the first opportunity he had he hastily turned again to the little Army hall. In spite of his mingled impressions. This time a former companion of his testified to the power of God to save from drink and sin of any kind.

Jean was bewildered. He drank in

every word of his former chum, and impatiently waited for the end of the meeting to speak to him.

"Do you mean to say, Pierre, that you don't drink any more?" he eagerly asked, after having made himself known.

"That is it, Jean," answered the saintly, "no more wine or absynth for me, since I drink of the waters of life."

"And do you no more play cards, or gamble in the Hotel du Nord?" continued Jean to inquire.

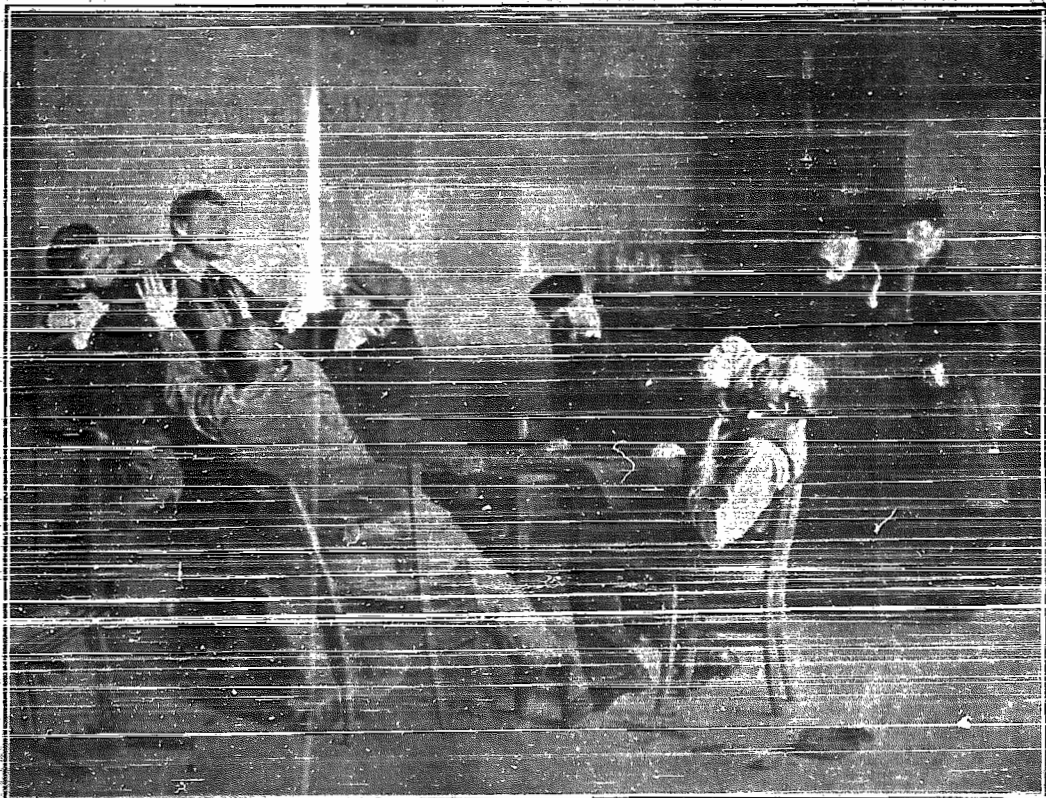
"Thank the dear God, I have been saved from my sins altogether, Jean. I do not drink, nor gamble, for Jesus helps me to trust in Him, and live soberly and righteously day by day."

"O God, that I could say this!" groined Jean.

"Jesus Christ can do it for you, Jean. He can. He is eager to do it and He will do it now if you will kneel down and ask Him."

That evening Jean and Pierre prayed in the tiny room of the latter, until the light of a new life illuminated the heart, mind, and face of Jean.

Jean has now been a soldier for nearly two years.—F. A.



THE STABBING.

HAPPY CHILDREN UNDER CANVAS.

MERRY LITTLE ONES ARE GIVEN AN OUTING BY THE SALVATION ARMY—FUN AND FOOD IN PLENTY—A PHYSICIAN AND A NURSE SUPPLEMENT THE WORKERS IN CARING FOR THE CHILDREN.

(From the Toronto Daily Star.)

A village in an orchard; high on a bluff, overlooking the lake, shady and breezy—such is the Salvation Army Fresh Air Camp at Oakville, Fifteen miles from Toronto, in three stores—the home of a busy, happy, palpitating crowd of children, broken loose from the city, and never under so much restraint. A stirring village, where you must keep your eyes wide open, and all your feelers out, where on the part of the workers there is constant care, and on the part of the children there is constant excitement.

Freedom is the watchword of the camp, but it is freedom tempered by control, and that is what constitutes the delicate task of the workers in charge, to make and keep a nice adjustment between the freedom that is life to the boys and girls, and the want of all restraint that exorcises them by a moral ban from society. They are not, as a rule, children who know the line, they have generally been ill-treated, but trained. Like Tompkins, they have "growned." What order means they scarcely know; and they do not take kindly to its teaching. So even with the extraneous help given by the military training and ideals of the Salvation Army, to care for these holidaying, happy, restless, untrained children is a task of no small magnitude.

Organized Companies.

The development of the camp is yet in its infancy, but its equipment and its plan are well adapted to its ideal. In each of the sleeping tents there are twelve children under the direction of a worker. Each tent is a company, marked by a banner across the front, and each member of the company is a number. There is a roll kept at Headquarters, and each child wears a badge with his or her number, corresponding to the record in the book of the Staff-Captain in charge. Each child is a unit in an army; the same idea that has been so successful in dealing with "grown-ups" is here being applied to the children. Yet let none think that this is a machine. Only the form is of the army; its spirit is warm, human, and Divine love, the inner spirit of Christianity.

The children have regular hours for regular duties. For eleven hours of the twenty-four the camp is, or is supposed to be, wrapped in slumber. Seven is the rising hour, and eight the time to go to bed. At seven Adj. Perry gives the reveille with his cornet. An hour later all the boys and girls are at the dining tent, at the clean, white-covered tables, to a breakfast of porridge—an abundance of it—and bread and butter, and tea or milk. Dinner, at 1230, consists of fish or meat with some variety of vegetables, and at 4 o'clock, fruit, cake, and tea are served with generous slices of bread and butter. Ten minutes before each meal the bugle call rings out, and in the boys and girls scamper from place to place, and are on the lake shore to wash and tidy up. Plenty of sport.

Between meals, which occupy a goodly share of time, owing to the generous appetites of the children, they are free to do just about as they please. Twice a day, during and after dinner, one of the men goes with the boys to the bathing beach. There are balls and balls for base ball, skipping-cops, pass and snovers for ducking in the sand, and all varieties of playthings, even a rattlesnake for the babies of the camp. It is a full, free life, whose like many of these children have never known, and scarce dreamed of.

During, after breakfast, there is a short service to begin the day. There is a reading from the Bible, a short Bible story is told in simple language for the children, a song is sung, and after a prayer, the workers lead all the children in repeating the Lord's prayer. And every night the children are again taught to again repeat the Lord's Prayer before going to sleep. Thus it is hoped to instill

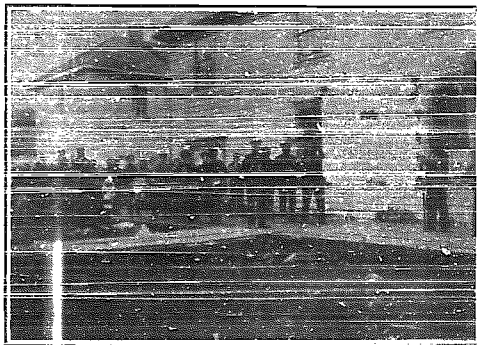
influences that will guard and strengthen the children after they return to the temptations and excitements of the city.

The Star representative called at the camp just about dinner time, and saw the children come in pell-mell at the call of the bugle. Then came the gathering at the tables; three boys went for some water, and the other children had to await their return, and did so with no apparent impatience. Then Staff-Captain Creighton called for quiet.

"We will sing grace," said he. And when they had closed their eyes, or as many of them as could restrain their curiosity and anxiety to get at the eatables to do so, they sang their childish voices rising with peculiar sweetness:

"Be present at our table, Lord, Be here and everywhere adored; These mercies bless, and grant that we

May live and fight, and die for Thee. Dear Jesus, the One I love for Thee; Oh, bless His name, He died for me; His blood now cleanses me from sin; Dear Jesus, now He sets me free."



S. A. Indians at Port Essington, Celebrating the Supposed Coronation on June 26th, 1902.

"Amen," said the Staff-Captain, and the children sat too with vigor. On each plate was a good-sized helping of fish, with a fork, at frequent intervals, were generous plates of bread and butter. And at a side table was being prepared a second course, a rice pudding plentifully supplied with raisins, with a sauce of golden syrup over all. Not a small dinner, not one for delicate palates, but good, healthy, and a treat to healthy boys and girls with healthy appetites, sharpened by unaccustomed life in the country air.

Doctor and Nurse There.

The camp is under the direction of Staff-Captain Creighton and his wife, Adj. Perry is assistant commandant. Besides, there is a corps of eight or ten workers, including a doctor and a trained nurse. The latter is Miss K. Fryer, a lady with high qualifications and of broad experience, who came here especially from Winnipeg, where she became interested in the work through Miss Booth, and who has been present with her and her soul into the care of the children.

The camp is situated on the west bank of the river, just beyond the picnic grounds, from which it is, however, completely separated by a ravine and fence, though there is easy communication of the road. Besides the dining tent and the cookhouse which have been mentioned, there are the store tent, which is also used for the officers' dining-room, a tent for the superintendent and family, one for the trained nurse, and one for the resident doctor, the hospital tent, a number of sleeping tents for the boys and girls, and a tent—the only one in red and white, the others being uniformly

white—for Miss Booth when she is present.

If you pay the camp a visit, you will meet with a cordial reception. The place you cannot pass unnoticed, for across the entrance in large letters of blue and scarlet runs the legend:

THE SALVATION ARMY FRESH AIR CAMP.

WINNING HIS FIRST SOUL.

"Have you ever won a soul for God?" asked an officer of his soldiers one night in the meeting.

"That question worried young Arthur Watson so much that, after he had retired to rest, he could not sleep.

He slipped out of bed, knelt by his bedside, and earnestly asked God to help him to win at least one soul for Jesus. For although he had been a soldier for more than a year, and was a handman of the corps, he could not point to one person who had been led to God through his efforts.

The next Sunday night his chance came. A lad sat in the meeting who appeared to be much concerned about salvation.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Arthur," whispered the devil. "Here goes, fool or no fool," said Arthur.

He found it hard work to get the lad to the point for God. Then he started to pray for him. Some way or another the words wouldn't come out right. His throat got dry and husky, and he had a job to keep the tears

Our History Class.

III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Continued.)

Ferdinand's two chief Bohemian counsellors were Slavata and Martinitz, both Catholics, from whom he left as regrets when he went to Germany; and on the opposite side was Count Thurn, a strong Lutheran, who hated the house of Hapsburg. At Lubrow Church was pulled down, and the congregation was shut out of the other because they did not come under the rules of the Letter of Majesty. On this, Thurn and his friends sent a remonstrance to the Emperor, but Martinitz, who was about his cousin had done, and they became afraid of absolute persecution. Thurn resolved to destroy the rule of the House of Hapsburg in Bohemia, and to begin by the death of the Emperor.

On the 23rd of May, 1618, a whole troop of Hussite and Lutheran nobles tramped up into the Council Chamber where Martinitz and Slavata were sitting, and reproached them with selling the rights of the Castle of Prague. Martinitz begged for a priest. "Commend thy soul to God," was the answer; "we will have no Jesuit out, uttering a curse of which the murderers caught a few words, and one cried, 'Let us see whether his Mary will help him.' Slavata and the secretary were also hurled out, but, looking from the window, the man's next cry was, 'His Mary has helped him,' for there was a pile of waste paper just below, which had broken the fall, and all three crawled away unhurt.

This Defenestration, as the Bohemians called it, was, in truth, the beginning of the thirty years' war which ravaged Germany, and threw back again and improvement all the time it lasted, and bred some of the most savage and lawless soldiers who ever drew a sword. The Hussites began it in real fear for their religion, and also feeling that the nation had been cheated by the House of Austria of the power of electing their king, and they hoped for help from the Lutheran and Calvinist princes who had any quarrel with that family. They wrote a letter justifying their treatment of the two counsellors, the sons of Jezzebel, and raised almost all Bohemia against Ferdinand.

The Emperor Matthias had enough of the spirit of his father to wish to win them back to his gentle means, and his chief adviser, Count Baisel, was fully of the same mind. They tried to hold back Ferdinand, who wanted to take speedy vengeance, and was supported by his former guardian, the Archduke Maximilian, and the Jesuits. When they found that the Emperor would not send troops from the Spanish Netherlands to reduce Bohemia, these two princes caused Kiesel to be seized, stripped of his robes, and sent off as a prisoner to the city of Tyrol. Matthias was ill in bed with gout, and when his brother went and told him what had been done, his wrath and grief were so great that he could not trust himself to speak, but threw the keys of the empire into his mouth till he was almost choked. He was too feeble and old to hinder Ferdinand from sending Spanish and Italian troops into Bohemia, but Count Thurn, at the head of ten thousand insurgents, and his brother-in-law, Count Tilly, who had overthrown the house of Hapsburg, and with the Princes of Transylvania, and with the Protestants, at the head of his army, was the leader of the Protestants, Friedrich, the husband of Elizabeth, daughter to James I. of England.

The Catholic Germans were for the most part of the same mind as the Emperor, ready to do anything to prevent the Protestants, getting better, and they tried to force the Emperor to some agreement; but his wife died just then, and he sank into a state of depression, comparing his cousin's usage with his own treatment of his brother Rudolf, and grew over his misery he saw coming on the Empire. He died before the Emperor could take place on the 20th of March, 1619.

Port Essington Celebration.

We are going on to victory. Our crowds are increasing, and some doubt have sought salvation. One white man who had been celebrating Coronation Day too strong, and we believe has had a sense of his own sin and responsibility to God for some time, came out and prayed God to save him, promising he would be a Salvationist.

We dedicated these tables to God and the Army on Sunday week, and on Monday we celebrated Coronation Day by a good march, with colors flying, and with a big banner bearing the words, "Long Live King Edward VII."

On Friday afternoon we had a picnic with about two hundred people present, and everybody enjoyed themselves. We had music and song, also a testimony meeting. So we did our part to crown the King, and after it was all over we found out he was not crowned.

Lots of people are gathered here for the salmon fishing. The fish are commencing to run, and everybody will be busy for five or six weeks.—Adj. R. Smith.

The Angel of Consolation.

THE Vale of Tears and the Star of Sorrow are telling names given, by some men of this world, and there seems to be at times a great preponderance of sorrow and sighs over laughter and mirth. Sorrow, however, often is the Refiner's fire to purge the pure gold of human immortality from the dross of base passions and unholy emotions. The reavements and afflictions are often the wise surgeons who, by skillful operation, free the soul from disease and growths that threaten to eat into

acquire his life unreservedly to this great purpose and will make millions of angels of them, to lessen humanity's suffering and enrich the Kingdom of Heaven.

HIS TALISMAN.

Many a rough-looking man carries in his pocket, safe from all eyes but his own, some memento or relic which is to him as a shield and buckler against the powers of evil.

A story is told of a big-burly miner who steadily refused to join his comrades in their drinking bouts. One night when the revelry ran high and many of the men were half drunk, they declared that "Big Joe," as he was called, simply "had to drink with them."

"I will not, boys," he said, firmly.

There, and that curl came from her head. I used to drink a lot—enough to ruin my wife's happiness, and when she was dying I promised her that I'd never drink another drop, and that, for our little girl's sake, I'd be a better man; and when I left my little one with her grandmother I promised them both what I promised my wife, and my little girl cut this curl from her head and gave it to me to 'remember her by,' and she said, 'Maybe it will help you to keep your promise, papa.' Now, do you want me to drink with you, boys?"

The man who threatened to have whiskey poured down Big Joe's throat was the first to say, "No," and from that time forward he was never asked to break his promise.

It is in vain to expect to get out of the future what we do not put into the present.



The Angel of Consolation.

its vitality and destroy its happiness. Sore distress frequently tears from eyes blindfolded by happiness the obscuring bandage, teaching the soul to hear the cry of others in need, bringing it into sympathy with the needs of the still more unfortunate, as well as permitting glimpses into that heaven where neither sighing nor sadness is known.

Of all angels, the angel of consolation finds the soul most receptive for the Divine message of hope, love, and salvation than any other messenger of the sky, for when human sympathy is powerless to soothe, the soul turns quickest towards the great Physician for a balm.

Let us seek to be angels of consolation to soul-sick humanity. Sorrow, want, woe, and sin is all around us. God's eye eagerly looks about to fasten upon the man and woman who con-

They declared that if he did not, they would force liquor down his throat, and then run him out of the camp.

"You must do better than the rest of us," said one man, "well, who can't you join us and be friendly and sociable like, when we're trying to have a good time? Ain't signed the pledge, have you?" with a sneer.

"No, I have not signed any pledge, boys. Well, boys, I'll tell you," he said. "It's something I don't like to talk about, but I'll tell you. I bet because you'll not expect nor want me to drink with you when I've told you the truth."

He thrust his hand down into an inside pocket in his gray flannel shirt, and drew forth something wrapped in an old silk handkerchief. Inside the handkerchief was a wrapping of tissue-paper, and in the paper was a little shining curl of yellow hair. Big Joe held the curl up between his thumb and finger and said:

"Boys, I've got a little motherless girl nearly two thousand miles from

FOR SWEARERS ONLY.

Curse cards are being used in Switzerland and Germany to check profanity. People go about with the cards in their pockets, and whenever they hear bad language present one to the swearer to sign. The card has printed on it a picture of a child, from securing for a specified time, or to pay a small fine, and each card is given charity. Nearly 40,000 of these cards have been distributed in Switzerland since.

To bury a truth is to raise a lie.

True courage fears nothing but sin. A liberal soul is the best sermon on liberty.

The first effect of knowledge is the consciousness of ignorance.

We can easily bear afflictions when borne up by His affection.

It is better to be saved in a storm than drowned in a cala.



Chow-Chow

EDUCATION.

When you educate a fellow it is a chance whether it helps him to keep out of the penitentiary. I would rather have my boy in heaven reading his A B C's than to be in hell reading Greek.—Sam Jones.

"HOT HEARTS."

The Chinaman who said, "Send us missionaries with hot hearts," had found the secret of success both of missions and the home work. The people know the needs of the work and they recognize the importance of hot hearts in those who bring the glad tidings.

FEEDING THE SWINE.

So long as the prodigal son did not go back to his father he was bound to feed swine, while he himself was perishing with hunger. Every one out of Christ is bound by the devil to feed swine-like passions, while the soul itself is starving for the Bread of Life.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S VIEW.

The great cause of crime is drink. The great cause of poverty is drink. When I hear of a family broken up and ask the cause—drink. If I go to the gallows and ask its victim the cause, the answer is drink. Then I ask myself in perfect wonderment, "Why do not men put a stop to this thing?"—Archbishop Ireland.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

A little girl asked her mother if there were any men in heaven.

"Mamma," she said, "I never saw a picture of an angel with a beard or mustache; do men ever go to heaven?"

"Oh, yes," replied her mother. "Men go to heaven, but it is always a close shave for a man to get in."—Philadelphia Times.

OVERDOSE OF WHISKEY.

Peter Brodie, a Barnardo boy, aged 19, in an episode of Mr. Peel, an Ontario farmer, died June 18th from the effects of an overdose of whiskey. He, in company with his employer, drove some cattle to Hudson, and after dinner Mr. Peel gave him 75 cents. When they started for home Brodie, already under the influence of liquor, produced a flask of whiskey and, against the advice of Mr. Peel, drank it all, and finally, from the effect, fell asleep with his head hanging over the dashboard. When the hours were reached Brodie was back in the face, and his breathing labored. Restoratives were applied, but without effect, as his heart stopped beating in a few minutes.

A HUMBLE MAN'S TRUST.

A learned minister, attending an aged Christian in humble life, when in his last illness, remarked that the passage in Hebrews xii. 5, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," was much more emphatic in the original language than in our translation, as it contained no negative, thus the promise was in plain of the validity of the Divine promise and not merely two, as it appears in the English version; intending by this remark to convey to him that, in consequence of the number of negatives the promise was expressed with much greater force in the original language than in the English. The man's reply was very simple and striking. "I have no doubt, sir, that you are quite right, but I can assure you that if God had only spoken once, I should have believed Him just the same."

"The Lord's work can only be done with what we sacrifice, not by what we think we can spare."



Our SOLDIERS' PAGE

Daily Readings.

"Blind Bartimeus, the son of Timaeus, sat by the highway SUNDAY, begging."—Mark x. 46. I once saw a ewe with two lambs, one of which was blind. The mother ewe and the other lamb were both aware of the fact, and watched the blind lamb with tender and unwearied care, one or the other, as they saw it getting into danger, rushing forward to the rescue, and with a sharp "baa" and kindly bleat turning the little blind one out of peril into a safe path. Verily, blindness is one of the saddest of human afflictions. Three times we read of our Lord having pity on the blind, and among the joys of heaven it is written, "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened."

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."—Matt. xxi. 22. Alexander the Great and a famous, but poor, philosopher in his court. The latter on one occasion was in great want. To whom should he apply in his need but to his patron, the conqueror of the world? He no sooner made his request than it was granted. He received an order to have what he wanted, and he went to the treasury for \$50,000. The official in charge, however, refused to give such a large amount till he had been to the inequitable inquirer. Alexander at the philosopher's conduct. He has done me a great honor by the largeness of his request and the high idea of my munificence. Pay him at once." We cannot honor God more than by believing Him when He says "I will, and ye shall have."

"How think ye? If a man have an hundred sheep, and one TUESDAY, of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety-and-nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh?" which is gone astray?—Matt. xv. 12. A traveler tells the story of a scene which vividly illustrates Christ's parable of the "Ninety-and-nine." He says:

"One day we were making our way with iceaxe and alpenstock down the glacier, when we observed a flock of sheep following their shepherd over the intricate windings between crevices, and so passing from the pastures on the one side of the glacier to the pastures on the other. The flock had numbered 200 all told. But on the way one sheep got lost. One of the shepherds, in his German patois, appealed to us if we had seen it. Fortunately one of the party had a field glass. With its aid we discovered it up amid a tangle of brushwood on the rocky mountain side. "It was beautiful to see how the shepherd, without a word, left his 199 sheep out in the glacier wastes, knowing they would stand there perfectly still and safe and went climbing back after the lost sheep until he found it. And he actually put his hands and feet on the 'strayed' sheep. Here was our Lord's parable enacted before our eyes, though the shepherd was all unconsciously of it. And it brought our Lord's teaching home to us with a vividness which none can realize but those who saw the incident."

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known."—1 Cor. xiii. 12. As I stood there a

traveler) before one of the most famous of the Arabian tapestries, I asked the attendant to show me the other side. It was a tangle of threads, and thrums, and ends, a confused mystery of colors, without order or meaning or beauty, and resembling the picture on the other side as little as the tuning of an organ resembles the oratorio of the "Messiah." And yet the artist stands behind his web, on the reverse side, while he is making the picture. The pattern is before him. The materials are by his side. He weaves them in according to the pattern, but without seeing the charming picture that is coming into being.

So we are weaving our lives largely on the reverse side. There are many things in each of our lives of which we do not know the meaning now, but we shall know hereafter.

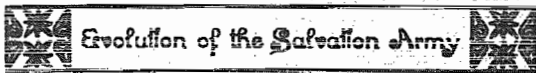
"The stone which the builders refused, is become the THURSDAY, head stone of the corner."—Ps. cxviii. 22. Macanville tells of a poor apprentice who made a cathedral window entirely out of pieces of glass that his master had condemned and thrown away. But when completed the window won the admiration of all. The master's boastful work was rejected, and the window made by the unknown artist, from condemned material, was given the place of honor in the great cathedral. So Christ takes fallen and sinful human

souls, and is constructing out of them a beautiful temple of the Holy Ghost; and His glory and love shining through them, as the sun through pictured windows, makes them radiant with divine beauty."

"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."—Rom. xiv. 7. People often say, "Well, if I am not altogether what I ought to be, I am no one's enemy but my own. I may not be good, but at least I do no harm."

No man, however, either liveth or dieth to himself. No sin was ever committed whose consequences rested on the head of the sinner alone. What would be thought of a passenger in a ship, who should cut a hole in the ship's side, underneath his berth, and say, when expostulated with, that he was only his own enemy, and that he was injuring nobody except himself?

"The wicked shall be turned into hell."—Ps. li. 16. SATURDAY, Christiana miser, who was accompanying a gentleman down a deep mine, was shocked at his blasphemous language, and, on being asked if he thought it was as far from the bottom, replied, "I don't know how far it is to hell; but, judging from your language, if the rope broke you would be there in less than a minute."



Evolution of the Salvation Army

CANADA.—(Continued.)

PROGRESS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Within two months two hundred soldiers were marching in our ranks on the Sea-Girt Isle, and though the fires of persecution were not slackened, and ever and anon broke out in all their fury, still the work went on and increased mightily, and we have not all around the world to-day more devoted, patient, enduring, kindly soldiers than these hardy islanders, so long left languishing in the sloughs of sin. What good? I did some ask at the beginning; the result here has shown the good as it ever does, and where the opposition is strongest, fiercest, and most unrelenting, there is the field of the

Greatest Triumphs.

It has been so, it is so, and it will ever be so until the war shall cease. This shall encourage us:

"And whosoever is in earth's wide field, We lift for Him the red-cross shield, This is our song, our joy, our pride, Our Champion went before, and died!"

Eastern Province and Elsewhere Bombarded.

February, 1886, was a record of victory in common with these other winter months. As the wind and storm outside seemed to brighten the glow and enhance the warmth within the curtained room, so the frosts and snows seemed to wait into a glow the fiery zeal of our comrades, from one end of the Territory to the other.

On the 28th, the attack was made on Summerside. P.M.: here again the season prevented an attack in force, but God was within the curtained room, so the frosts and snows seemed to wait into a glow the fiery zeal of our comrades, from one end of the Territory to the other.

Curiosity Brought Out Great Crowds to the opening meetings, and the Spirit of God took hold of them, and thirty-five cases of salvation in the first two or three days was the first fruits of the mighty work to be done. The entire separation from the things of

the world was, for a time, a great barrier; people seemed imbued with old-time prejudices, and did not see why religion denied the indulgence in what, to them, had been looked upon hitherto as harmless gratifications. Tobacco and the like, for a time, were the hardest enemies to fight, but by-and-by these sturdy Summeriders began to recognize the clean life and clean habits, which are the outcome of a clean heart.

About the same time the S. A. marched into Wingham, Ont., and here, too, they had serious difficulty, not among the least having to live down the unavailing resistance another organization which had held the field had left behind; but prejudice soon melted down, and the original Salvation Army soon became a permanent and welcome instrument for good in the community.

Then came Annapolis, an important town and the oldest settlement in Nova Scotia. Great curiosity was evinced here in regard to the Army and its movements. The officers, on arrival, were met by great crowds of people, who followed them about the streets, and seemed to regard them almost as other than human. All this, of course, tended to the success of their mission, and great crowds came to the place of meeting. Of course, there was a standing off on the part of professors and

Rough Opposition.

emanating from the ranks of the S. A.; but God fought with the S. A.; the first week witnessed twenty conversions, and the work was established.

Newfoundland Again.

Then another advance was made in Newfoundland, coming from St. John's were sent to occupy two other towns, Digby and Carbonar, and at both places the success was signal and encouraging. At Digby, the first Sunday there were two hundred and twenty-two people out for the seven o'clock morning knee-drill, and crowded meetings all night, with more than twenty seekers for salvation, and the first week's report shows fifty-six converts.

The opening of Carbonar was equally a success.

Seven O'Clock Sunday Morning Five Hundred People Out to Pray.

And in that first early morning meeting seven souls were saved. The soldiers brought together were very great, and the first four days found forty-three notorious sinners yielding themselves to the claims of the Saviour's dying love. The work at these two towns was most satisfactory, and through the summer fishing season the soldiers carried the message of peace through Jesus' blood to the stormy coasts of Labrador, and many souls were saved through their testimony.

Still Another Advance.

The 30th of May, 1886, finds Nova Scotia troops again on the advance, this time upon Windsor. This was considered a very proper and respectable town, and a good many thought there was but little scope for the Army's operations. The result has shown it entirely different; indeed, from the day of opening to the present writing a blessed work has been done, drunkards have been reclaimed, the worst of sinners brought to God, and the coldest of professors warmed to a sense of duty and fired with the spirit of determination to do as unto God. A writer, not of the Army, speaking of the Windsor affair, says, "What are the soldiers composed of? Here is a drunkard that has been in bondage as one risen from the dead, his wife and son, some young men who walk to the meeting three or four miles after a hard day's toil in a suit, a sailor or two, even of various position, and the educator and the respectable came also, to say the least, expression, 'hungering for Jesus' and side by side they sit on the platform with reformed

Drunkards and Sinners

of all complexions. This, be it remembered, is a place where the Army was supposedly not wanted; what must then have been its results in the hundreds of places where conditions only there was a direful need of the ministrations."

The summer months, in our Dominion, are not, to say the least of it, the best adapted part of the year for our operations. The heat and light of the evenings are not calculated to bring the compelling of large crowds into public buildings. Then again the shortness of our summer renders it imperative for both soldiers and people to be more than occupied in the work of harvesting the crops and the other labors of the season. But, of course, this is doubly applicable to the country townships. But in spite of all, the advance went on, and we have still to record some mighty and blessed triumphs won in the name of King Jesus by these early warriors of the Army who laid down the foundation of Army work throughout the Territory.

DUNN'S FOR PARENTS.

Don't encourage in a small child that for which you will punish him when older.

Don't discipline more than is necessary the wishes of a child, but respect them as far as possible.

Don't feel it beneath your dignity to give a child the same kind of a return if practicable to do so; if it is not your former conduct should have inspired such confidence towards you that no win cunningly against, even he does not understand your motives. Sonnet Gazette.

Every moral inheritance is established. The heart makes a good engine, but a poor rider.

Yesterday's success may be the secret of to-day's failure.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs' Tour IN THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Anticipation bloomed into perfect realization regarding Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs' reception and meetings in the Maritime Provinces. Enthusiasm, energy, and zeal manifested in all these gatherings, surpassed all of a similar character for many years. The campaign throughout was a triumphant one. It was fitting that the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs should visit the Celestial City in Fredericton where an excellent week-end was spent. The services were of a very beautiful character.

St. John's citizens and troops looked forward with a good deal of pleasure to the anticipated visit of their old P. O. Mrs. Jacobs, who has never had the opportunity of visiting St. John since their farewell, some eight years ago, was warmly welcomed by her old friends, who rallied up in full force, were especially glad to see her. It goes without saying that the Colonel got a good reception himself. A full house greeted them both, and the extensive preparations had been made for their meeting, and notwithstanding the heavy fall of rain, which poured down all day, the Royal Albert Hall—which was engaged for this occasion—was well filled. The Colonel, who was subject in an able manner, while the address of Mrs. Jacobs was certainly well received. For they sailed for Newfoundland.

After a long ride of a day and a night, the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs landed at North Sydney, where extensive preparations had been made for their meeting, and notwithstanding the heavy fall of rain, which poured down all day, the Royal Albert Hall—which was engaged for this occasion—was well filled. The Colonel, who was subject in an able manner, while the address of Mrs. Jacobs was certainly well received. For they sailed for Newfoundland.

On their return from the Island—where they had such a glorious series of meetings—they met at a very enthusiastic gathering at Glace Bay. This is a live coal mining centre, which has been prominent before the world on account of the Marconi Wireless Telegraphy Station being built there. The Chief Secretary, accompanied by the Provincial Officer, visited this station, which was then in course of construction.

One hundred soldiers on the march, barracks over-crowded, with a couple of hundred men in civilian dress, and a rooming man, and sixteen souls, is the record of the meeting at Glace Bay.

At Sydney—which is now called the Pittsburgh of Canada—a town which has risen within the last few years from a hamlet of a few hundred to several thousand. What a change since Colonel Jacobs had charge of the work here. The Chief was very much interested in the shack built and used for a barracks. Had a splendid meeting and three souls.

Halifax was especially glad of the favor conferred upon them, in receiving a visit from their old leader. The meeting was described as being full of boiling-over enthusiasm, and some seven souls came forward.

The Colonel did a tour of inspection while in the city, inspecting the Rescue Home, Men's Shelter, and No. 11 barracks.

The meeting at Windsor was an agreeable surprise. Full house and four souls. The Colonel especially enjoyed it. There was a fine address was of a stirring character.

Travelling through the Land of Evangeline, the Chief Secretary, with the P. O. had the pleasure of riding on one of the D. A. R. engines and viewing the landscape.

Yarmouth called to receive Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs. Mr. Flint, M.P., acted as chairman, and delivered a splendid address, endorsing the Army for its excellent work, and especially its General, who is classed among the greatest men of history. Mr. Stowman, M.P.—another good friend of the Army—delivered an address, and

also Dr. Hart, who spoke with a great deal of sympathy. Mrs. Jacobs excelled herself on this occasion, and of course the Colonel was alive to the opportunity. The hall was crowded out, notwithstanding that it was Saturday night, while the Sunday's meetings were extraordinary in character, crowded, enthusiastic, and spirit, which resulted in ten souls. It was a fitting close to such a campaign. Mrs. Jacobs contributed largely to the success of these meetings with her singing and addresses. All expenses were met, corps assisted, and all the spiritual blessings thrown in.

It was with feelings of regret on our part—and we believe on the part

"What Shall I Do With Jesus, Which is Called Christ?"

This is, and should be, owing to the vast importance it is fraught with, the question of questions. Pilate's position at the time of asking this question was a remarkable one; face to face with the Christ, and in the past he had often heard just heard, of this Man, or perhaps he had watched Him from some point of vantage, as He spoke to someone in the street, or healed some decrepit soul, whose pain before and from whence, but has now ceased.

Now his chance for personal contact with the Man, the Christ, had come, and the Christian world understands whether or not.

He Was Equal to the Occasion.

I want to pause just here and say, has there not been a time when you have known something of Christ, not by merely seeing Him heal someone on the far side of the street, or as He talked to a crowd, or an individual at a distance, but rather as He had there not been an opportunity offered itself, or more than one, when Christ came into your immediate presence, and by His almighty power, drew you into a consciousness of His importance, and also of the importance of the occasion. Pilate wants to do good, but he is poor, vacillating. Pilate, with a desire to do good, has not been back enough to it. He is like a good many people of the present day, built to sit round a washing tub. I suppose he is afraid of losing his position, or his prestige with the people, and instead of being out of the dilemma, as he is not, but either side.

Then his wife has a strange dream, and she knows it is an important one, for she never ceases of having suffered from it, and on this occasion, and she dispatches a messenger with the important fact that she is convicted as to the character of Christ, and she says,

He is "Just."

But, you poor woman, you may be all very well to make cakes, mend clothes, entertain society, and such like, but in such important topics as this you can't be listened to. "My position is more to me than reverence for your honest opinions."

What a lot of people almost break their necks to get what they call a partner, and then disregard their own position, and instead of listening to "him," then they make them but miserable shareholders in their own misfortunes—misfortunes which, in a great many instances, never would have come to them had they listened to him, as the case may be, been listened to.

Oh, ye all-wise, hard-hearted men and women!

I wonder how many shipwrecks less would we have if you people would only ask themselves the question that Pilate asked the crowd.

My young friend, give Christ the position He should by right have, and the sorrow that prematurely withers the

of the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs—two we saw them sail out of Yarmouth harbor on their return to Toronto.

We were glad to find the Colonel in such good health, being equal to the strain of the meetings together with the tedious travelling.

During the Colonel's visit several new promoters were under consideration, namely, Sydney, New Glasgow, Digby, and Woodstock—Chancellor.

THE BEST FEEDING.

"Well, now, Robert, I'm not against the Salvation Army, for nobody can deny that they are doing a deal of good," said the minister; but if you were a shepherd, wouldn't you like to see your sheep in your own fold?"

Robert scratched his head a bit, and then replied, "But if they could put into a little good feeding now and then, minister, I wouldn't mind it."

hair, wrinkles the forehead, and, worse than all, that twists the character into a despicable mass of hardness and sin, defying all the means and measures at God's and man's disposal, will never be yours.

My friends of soldier age, ain't you sorry that you didn't ask yourself this question

When First Setting Out in Life?

and having asked it, came to the conclusion that He should be what He desired to be—the pivot upon which your life should swing?

But, then, how many take themselves this question, and are made to ask it over and over again, and yet get up to the present moment have never settled it in favor of Christ, and, as a matter of fact, by thus acting, have never settled it in favor of themselves. I contend that the man who is a soldier, and who is a Christian himself, and just as much as he violates God's law so will he suffer in himself for it. Pilate asked the question, being brought face to face with stern duty.

Now, you Pilate, here is your chance to immortalize yourself as the defender of the faith, the tried friend of Jehovah. The way he delivers his convictions to the wall and for ever loses his chance.

Then, where did he ask this question?

Reader, you will please notice in the first part of this address I said it was face to face with Christ, and

Just a Little Way from Calvary.

There may be a little ground for plea in the case of a man who has never been touched by the enlightening power of the Holy Spirit, but none in the case of a man who has seen, face to face with the person of Christ, in the person of the Holy Spirit.

Then, again, it was just a little way from Calvary, or the cross. Christ talks to you near the cross.

Your duty is to surrender to Him. Your cross is right at your elbow. The shadow of Calvary may hang over it, and dark beads of sweat may be the token of your inward feelings. The pain of the crucifixion at this juncture is a terrible real, but take hold of the cross, as your convictions seize you to be true to them, and in this world you will be a conqueror and in the world to come you will have life everlasting.

Again, what Pilate did affected the crowd.

They clamored, he acquiesced in their desire, and handed over the Christ to be slain.

My friends, you do every day affect the crowd and the individual, by your persistent upholding of the truth you may influence others to do the same, even though the rabble may clamor for His blood and call on you to give Him over to be crucified. By your refusal to uphold him you may cause for a woman like you, who value more than the smile of your Master, but it will, some day, slip from your grasp, and you will be left a helpless slave in God's universe, to be ushered into His presence to hear Him say, "Depart, I never knew you," etc. May God forbid it, for Jesus' sake. Sent by J. Moore.

How I Got Sanctified.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Holiness. How often the term is used! How glibly it is rolled out in holiness meetings! How sadly and heartily it is contradicted when the testimony is put beside the actions and words of the testifier in many instances, and the inquirer after holiness goes away disappointed, and if he were not for that voice in his heart which would say, "I am a failure. But hallelujah! In this world of change and disappointment there is the opposite picture. We have met those whose profession and life beautifully correspond. Yes, it is all a fact—wonderfully, delightfully, true. That we can be controlled by God, and that sin can be taken right out of the life, and that the real sentiments of the heart can be. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

I will give my own experience, solely that it may help someone. I am an Army officer, and for over four years was not sanctified out of five years and some months in field work. A little over one year has been made blessed with that Divine growth which starts when we get sanctified. I had the theory but holiness meetings, I visited the people to come and be sanctified, but was in the my friend. Sometimes I thought I had it, other times was very miserable feeling I had not. But to come to the point.

How I Got it.

I was stationed at a corps, and everything seemed hard spiritually. Good crowds, and splendid collections, but souls almost nil.

One morning, away alone in a room at the quarters, I knelt in desperate need. I must get sanctified. Previously I used to think I must work up some excitement, and when my feelings were at a certain height that faith then could grasp the promises. I had been looking for this thing again, when the feelings went down, faith went low. But this time I thought—well, first thing, I must consecrate myself, and all I have, and all I hope to have, and with feelings not at all calculated to help me in my tremendous undertaking, I, with quiet desperation, and in a common sense way, went over my joys and hopes, present and future. Some were as dear as the right eye, and they were as my life, and the devil whispered, "You could never give that up; you'll want it again." I fairly gasped at the thought of giving up, but I said, "Here it is, I'll give it, I'll give it, and keep me from looking for these things again." Then came my feelings. What a mountain they looked; but after a second or two I said, "Lord, I believe You can manage them."

My feelings were the real test. Everything was consecrated to the trust for your sanctification, and I did. I simply took God at His word, and said, "Lord, I believe."

I waited for no further manifestation. My feelings were not a scrap changed for the better. I came from my knees, and knew I was sanctified. That was on Friday, and before Sunday night's meeting closed.

Eight Souls Were Saved, and into my soul had stolen a peace I never thought a human being could enjoy. What I had given up seemed nothing—I wanted more to give. I said, "I'll give it, I'll give it, and keep me from looking for these things again; but it was the devil's insinuation. It has lasted over a year. My work is delightful now. Prayer is grand, and the Bible is my chief book. Soul-saving and helping believers is like new work to me. I am untroubled and at one with myself every day by day. I know it. Earthly success and popularity mean nothing to me. I am contented. "Well done!" from Jesus. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—H. S.

God's word wins its own way.

All great work consists of small deeds.

Missings come in service as well as after it.

The world does not seem to make crosses for rewards.

God can give us patience, but He cannot give us practice.



In Splendid Condition.

Bay Roberts.—I have returned to this corps in battle for God and souls. Adjt. Hiscrook has left the barracks in a splendid condition, and everything is in good order. With lots of prayer, faith, house to house visitation, etc., we are looking forward to a good summer's work and a harvest of souls. Adjt. Boggs.

Heaven on Earth.

Black Island.—Sunday was a blessed day. We visited the outpost and had another real fiery time, with two souls in the fountain. They got the glory, and we were led to say, "Heaven on earth is now begun."—J. Downey, Capt.

A Beautiful Summer Resort.

Blenheim.—On Monday we had a united picnic to Rondeau, a beautiful summer resort, surrounded by Lake Erie. Wallaceburg, Dresden, Chatham, Ridgetown, and Blenheim were united. Leaving Blenheim by train at 11:15, we arrived at Rondeau in fifteen minutes. After a few hours sight-seeing, we lined up under a booth for an open-air meeting, led by Adjt. McHarg, the D. O. A very good meeting was held. We were favored with a solo by Capt. White and Lieut. Ellis, and addresses by Capt. Campbell and Pattenden. After some testimonies a collection was taken up in a tabernacle, which proved a great hit. There was music by the Ridgetown and Blenheim brass bands. Our meeting was brought to a close abruptly in order that we might catch the train for home. Owing to no officers arriving, the meetings on Sunday were conducted by the Local Officers.—Ina Groom.

Two Broken-Hearted Sinners.

Boiswauville.—Where there's a heart to pray, there's a God to hear and answer prayer. These words were verified last Sunday night at the above-named place, where two broken-hearted sinners cried unto the Lord for deliverance. We are in for victory through the blood of the Lamb.—S. French, C.O.



J. S. Sergt. Major Mitchell, St. Stephen, N.S.

He Gave God Thanks.

Rowanville.—We are having good meetings. The comrades are getting fired up and are working hard. One young man gave his heart to God on Wednesday night, and has since returned to give God thanks. The old-time religion is manifested in Mother Gilbert. The Company meetings are well attended, and much good is being accomplished. The B. O. L. meeting is conducted each week with some success, and we expect to increase the membership.—Jas. Marshall, Capt.

Fifteen Souls Saved.

Bridgetown.—Since last report the work has been steadily and surely on the "upgrade." "Advance" is our motto for every day in the week. During our month's stay here God has blessed our labors, the liabilities have been cleared off, and fifteen souls have come to Christ. Our new hall is far ahead of the old one in every particular. The fire is spreading. Glory to Jesus.—White Wings.

Adjt. Stevens' Farewell.

Butte.—On Sunday evening Adjutant Stevens, who has been stationed at Butte for the past fifteen months, farewelled, and is now under marching orders to proceed to Vancouver, where she will take charge of the Army work in that city. A large audience assembled to listen to the gifted speaker's address, and sprinkled through the same were clerical and professional men of the city, as well as representatives from the different churches. The soldiers were out in full force, and their clatter and monies attested the high appreciation in which they held their leader. The Adjutant's address was replete with sound wisdom, practical, and to the point. She admonished the soldiers to be faithful and true to the solemn obligations they had assumed, and pled earnestly with the sinners to repent and turn to God. At the conclusion of the service the audience arose and came forward to bid the Adjutant good-bye, and to wish her a safe and pleasant journey to her new field of labor. The parting was very affecting, many of the audience being moved to tears. The Adjutant will be accompanied on her journey by Miss Florence Massey, who goes to Greenwood, I.C., as a Cadet. Miss Massey was converted in this city about six months ago, and goes into the Salvation Army work with the good witness of Butte, having citizens who will rejoice to hear of her success and advancement. May God bless her. Montana feels proud of those whom she has sent to the front as her representatives in missionary work, as they have universally proven themselves to be worthy of the confidence reposed in them.—John McDonald.

A Spiritual Treat.

Campbellford.—We are very much pleased to have with us Staff-Captain Burditt and Capt. Urquhart. We had a blessed time on Sunday in the business meeting one soul came out for the blessing of a clean heart, one soul sought Christ in the afternoon, and three at night. We had an old-time meeting. God came in power and blessed us. Our openers were good, sinners were convicted, and we had a good spiritual treat to our own souls.—R. C.

Sixty Souls.

Campbellton.—We are glad to report victory. God is blessing us in a special manner. Since coming here some thirty souls have sought salvation. "Strike God." We were pleased to have a visit from our P. O., Brigadier Sharp, and the Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Howell. We had a good week end with souls in the fountain. Come along, Brigadier and Staff.—Black Bird.

The Last Call.

Clareville.—God moves in a mysterious way. Our first convert here is a young man who had many calls from God to forsake the ways of sin, but he always refused to obey. The last call was the death of his dear wife. After the funeral he came to Jesus with his burden of sin and sorrow. On Thursday night his brother, who was a backslider, came back to the fold. To God be all the glory.—R. Sainsbury.

A Change of Lieutenants.

Cobourg.—On Wednesday Lieutenant Rutledge conducted his farewell meeting. We had a splendid time. Lieut. Matthews, from Port Hope, was with us, and God blessed us abundantly. We welcomed into our midst on Saturday Lieutenant Oldford, who, I am sure, will be a great blessing and help to us. We had good meetings all day on Sunday.—A. Hornback.

Six Souls Captured.

Doling Cove.—Sunday was a good day to saint and sinner. At night the heavy artillery, led on by the Captain, laid siege to the fortress of sin, and after a well-directed fire, captured some six souls from the enemy's ranks. We have just returned from the council held at St. John's, which were wonderful times. We were richly blessed and came back to our corps filled with love for God and souls. We are in for victory.—Hessiah Wiltshire, Lieut.



Capt. Ebsary, Digby, N.S.

Life and Glory Boys.

Digby.—Once more we can report victory. The Life and Glory Boys, with Staff-Capt. Howell, have paid us a visit. We had a grand meeting, and three souls came out for salvation. To God be all the glory.—Julius Ebsary, Capt.

P. H. Q. Special.

Emerson.—The war still goes on. The fighting is hard, but God does bless us in our efforts for Him. We have not seen many visible results, but we have been casting bread upon the waters, and we expect it to return again. We had good meetings on Sunday, led by Ensign Smith, from P. H. Q. The Ensign is all right. He gave us some good, straight talks. Praise God! On Saturday night we had an ice-cream and cake social.—W. J. M.

A Little Girl Saved.

Galt. Our open-air meeting on Saturday night was well attended. Little Vera Aldridge, who is only nine years of age, came to Christ. "I have to tell the story," which was much appreciated. The meeting in the grove, on Sunday afternoon, was grand. At night we had the pleasure of seeing three converts enrolled as soldiers. May God bless them.—Mrs. Gooding.

Twenty-Four for the Week.

Glouce Bay.—On Tuesday we had with us Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs. In the afternoon we had a real, old-fashioned holiness meeting, which did our souls good. Thirteen precious souls had the pleasure of seeing three converts enrolled as soldiers. May God bless them.—At night we met with faith for a real good salvation meet-

ing. The comrades were all on fire. The Colonel gave us a very interesting address, talking for his subject, "The last battle of the world." His talk, right to the heart of the sinners' hearts, and at the close of the meeting we rejoiced to see six penitents crying for salvation. We have also had a glorious weekend, winding up with fire at the mercy seat, making a total of twenty-four for salvation and emancipation for the week.—E. J. Strothard, Lieut.

Twenty Souls.

Hespeler.—Since Captain and Mrs. Hancock took charge, upwards of twenty precious souls have sought salvation, and the Saviour to the joy and satisfaction of their hearts. To God we give the glory. We marched to Father Lawsons', and the band played a few selections by request. The dear old man is nearing the river. He has always been a friend to the Army since its advent here, eighteen years ago, when he used to march the streets with us. It was good to hear him say, "Glory to God bless him. We held our afternoon meeting down beside the river under the trees. The meeting at night was grand, and we wound up with four precious souls seeking the Saviour. One dear sister volunteered for salvation. We prayed and sang until her husband also came and knelt at the feet of our loving Lord, and found Him ready to forgive the past.—E. Dearing, R.C.

A Free-Will Offering.

Ingersoll.—God has indeed been helping us in this place, and souls have been saved. For some time past we have been struggling with a debt, but during the Sunday afternoon meeting the circumstances were explained to the people, and a free-will offering was asked for. The request was made that they bring the same and lay it upon the little white table, which was placed in the centre of the platform. Without any waiting, one after another brought their gift, and in five minutes about \$25 was placed on the table, most of the amount being given by our own people. A suggestion was made by a friend, who had contributed quite freely, that on the following Sunday another offering would be taken in the same manner, to finish paying the debt, which was accepted by all. And friends, some of the ladies having already given the same amount for the same. The spirit in which this was done was beautiful, many being moved to tears by the presence of God. The outside people of Ingersoll are very kind, and it is a pleasure to work amongst them.—Eugene Houghton, C.O.

Forward!

Kinmount.—We are doing all we can for God. We have not been here long, but we like the place and are getting on well. We are going in to do our best to win souls for God, and be a blessing to the streets. Praise God for our soul. Our motto is "Forward!"—J. Marshall, Capt.

Twelve Seekers.

Larimore.—Twelve souls recently came out for the blessing. Glory to God! We are expecting greater victories.—W. B. Milne, Capt.

Little Bay Island.—Since last report we have felt much of the Spirit of God, and we can rejoice over thirty souls in the fountain. Since then a blessed army arrived, we have had beautiful times, and we feel like saying, "I cannot leave the dear old dig."—Emity Oxford, C.O.

Abundant Blessings.

Neepawa.—We had a good meeting on Sunday evening, and many were convicted of sin. God was with us and blessed us. We are going to work before long many more will be saved.—A Soldier.

Interesting Meeting and Farewell.

Nelson.—Again farewell orders have come and our officers have had to say good-bye to Nelson, Capt. Charlton going to Revelstoke to supply for two weeks, and then to Vancouver, while Ensign Scott leaves for Everett. We are sorry to lose them. We had quite an interesting meeting on Tuesday night. Everyone who testified had to tell how they were convicted of sin, and each had a different story to tell. Ensign Scott sang, "That's how my angel mother died," after which she spoke of her childhood days, when her dear mother passed away. For over eight years the Ensign has been a Salvationist, and he testified by the help of God, to remain true to the Army till the call comes. We are having a very hard fight in Nelson now, with small crowds in the meetings, and many of our soldiers have had to leave to get work elsewhere.—Whitby Wings.

An Irish Rejection.

Norland.—We are glad to say that God is blessing our work in this place. On Tuesday evening an excellent time was spent. Some of the soldiers came all the way from the Falls to our ice-cream social; also Adjt. and Mrs. Sims were present. Mrs. Stephens gave an Irish rejection, and there was good music, which was appreciated by the large crowd present. After the program ice-cream was served, after which Lieut. Williams farewelled. The Lieutenant is a real blood-and-fire Salvationist, and we are sorry to lose him. He has our prayers and best wishes. We have welcomed Captain Marskell and Lieut. Warn, and pray that God may bless their labors here.—Sunshine.

A Welcome Home.

North Sydney.—Ensign and Mrs. Carter were with us for a Sunday. We had good crowds, and three souls professed salvation. The folks were glad to see Mrs. Carter back at her old home. Their speaking and singing were appreciated. Yesterday, after a stiff battle, one soul surrendered to God. Three new Lieutenants, on their way from Toronto to Newfoundland, called on Capt. Stevens, going home on furlough, have been with us lately. Lord, keep the fire burning.—L. A.

The Major's Visit.

Ottawa.—We have Major and Mrs. Turner a cordial welcome on their arrival here. We had a grand meeting, six recruits being enrolled by the Major. This was also the fulfillment of the long-promised visit of Mrs. Turner, who helped to make the meeting more interesting. The following day the Major, accompanied by Lieut. Gates, visited a portion of the District. Mrs. Turner conducted special meetings at Ottawa until the 25th, when she left. On July 2nd the S. held their picnic at the Metropolitan Grounds, Britannia. Major and Mrs. Turner conducted two rousing meetings, being assisted by Capt. Bross and O'Neill, the Peace Home and corps officers, Lieut. Leuts. Ducau, Carpenter, Gates, and Soward. The brass band was in attendance, and rendered some beautiful music. We spent the day profitably. On the Thursday evening following Capt. Lang farewelled. She is going home on account of the illness of her father. On Sunday evening four precious souls found pardon at the Cross, two being backsliders.—R. C.

Signs of a Revival.

Owen Sound.—During the past week we have had the joy of seeing three souls at the cross. We are steadily advancing. On all sides we see signs of a revival. Great interest is taken in our knee-drill. One brother says it is the best meeting of the week. Others are under deep conviction, and we are believing for a harvest of souls.—Chance.

The Baby Corps Progressing.

Sault Ste. Marie.—Since the opening of this corps we have been holding the fort, and God has blessed our efforts. On Thursday night three souls sought Jesus. Great interest is taken in our corps meetings, and we have no difficulty to get a crowd. The meetings have been well attended in the tent, the crowd averaging over two hundred every night. The people are very liberal, and respond nobly to

our appeals for financial help. The last week-end was a time long to be remembered. Many should have come to the mercy seat, but only one ventured. Our opportunities are very great. We had a crowd of six hundred in the tent on Sunday night, and over thirty dollars for the week-end. When the Brigadier comes again we would like to have twenty recruits ready to be enrolled. Since the opening eight souls have knelt at the mercy seat.—Froggie.

United Meeting.

Somerset.—We had a splendid united meeting on Friday, July 31st. Adjt. Graham conducted the service, assisted by Ensign Sabine, Capt. Prince, Jarvis and Redmond, and Sec. Charles Harrison. Ensign Sabine and Capt. Payne sang a duet, "From the Generals down to me." Capt. Prince soloed, several testimonies were given, and three sought forgiveness of their sins.—L. A. Stewart.

Our Prayers Were Answered.

St. George's, Ber.—Our little corps is gaining victories. At knee-drill on Sunday morning one dear brother triumphed over doubt and uncertainty, and sought a full salvation. His overflowing happiness testified to the fact of his having received it. During the week there was a good attendance at the public meetings and we all received great blessing on the occasion of our D. O's visit. The Adjutant was accompanied by the officers from various corps. On Saturday night one whom we have prayed much for came to the penitent font, and afterwards testified that he meant to follow Jesus.—Sydney A. Church.

Calgary Comrades Welcomed.

Strathroy.—Our officers and a number of the soldiers took in the grand proceedings at London on Dominion Day. Of course we had a lively, blessed day's meetings on Sunday. Sinners are coming to Jesus. We have also had the pleasure of welcoming two comrades from Calgary.—A. Hal-dane.

They Volunteered for Salvation.

St. Stephen.—On Sunday, June 29th, Capt. Green and Lieut. Riley said goodbye to St. Stephen. On Tuesday night we had a children's demonstration and musical meeting. We had a nice crowd in spite of outside attractions. Lieut. Riley's mandolin playing was enjoyed very much, also the songs and recitations by the children. On Wednesday night Ensign Williams was with us, and our officers said their final farewell. We pray that God will bless them a blessing in their new appointments. We had the joy of securing two souls at the cross. Thursday night we welcomed Ensign and Mrs. G. P. Thompson. Their meetings on Sunday were good. Five held up their hands to be prayed for, and two volunteered out for salvation.—J. S. Mitchell.

New Officers and Teacher.

Titl Cove.—On Saturday, June 28th, Adjt. and Mrs. Sparks and Lieut. Blackmore arrived to take charge of Titl Cove Corps and District. At night

the soldiers turned up in full force and gave them a good welcome. God was with us on Sunday. At the afternoon and night meetings we had a packed house and many had to be turned away. We finished up with a wind-up and two souls in the fountain. The Lieutenant is also the S. A. school teacher for Titl Cove, and ere this appears in print she will have the school in working order. We are sorry that we cannot start in our new schoolhouse just yet, but we are going to have school in the barracks for a time.—L. G.

Farewell.

Westville.—Ensign and Mrs. Thompson farewelled on Sunday for St. Stephen, N.B. They have worked hard while stationed here. Mr. Bray, the Y.M.C.A. secretary, spoke in the farewell meeting, and said some very splendid things about the Salvation Army and the farewelling officers. God bless them. A Soldier.

Where is This Good News From?

The work is still going along nicely. Fire converts have been enrolled and made into blood-and-fire soldiers. Capt. Chandler and Lieut. Chislett are faithful workers, and are in for pushing the way in spite of opposition. One wanderer came home in the meeting last night.—Brownie.

Flag and Fire Signal Lecture.

The Flag and Fire Signal lecture last Thursday evening, at Winnipeg, conducted by Ensign Smith, was very instructive and interesting. The flag signals were run up the masthead and explained, and was illustrated by thrilling experiences of sailors on the deep.

Between the signals Adjt. Wakefield led the singing of special choruses and songs. After the flag signals came the fire signal tableaux.

A scene of the ocean with the light-house and harbor in the distance, and lightning on the rocks, their lights all lit up, made it look very real and pretty. One of the ships began to rock and send up the blue light of distress, the lighthouse on the shore answering with the red lights. Then the vessel going to the rescue signalled with the green lights, "We are coming," while the lighthouse on the rocks sent the rocket firelines over the vessel. The band then played, "Joy, oh, joy, behold the Saviour," and the crowd repaired to the small hall to partake of the ice-cream and cake prepared by the Junior workers, the proceeds more than paying for the treat given to the Juniors before meeting.

There was a good crowd, everything went off successfully, and we believe, through the objections given, good was done for the Kingdom.—See Saw.

"Do you want to know where hell is?" Perhaps it is right before you, and the next step you take may land you there!

Promoted to Glory.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

We are sure that our comrades everywhere will be full of grief at the sad news which comes from South Africa, of the death of Bro. Warren Craig, son of Mr. Samuel Craig, of Newcastle, and a member of the Salvation Army for years. Bro. Craig enlisted for South Africa over a year ago, and became a member of the S. A. Constabulary, and then sailed for South Africa. From the day he left Canada until lately he has enjoyed good health. Just a few weeks ago he was reported sick with enteric fever, and during the time of his illness many anxious and prayerful hearts of comrades in Newcastle hoped for his recovery. But, alas! our Heavenly Father, who is too wise to err and too loving to be unkind, has ordered it otherwise, as our dear brother



Bro. Craig, Newcastle, N.B.

has heard the Master's call and crossed the bar. To-day we believe he is resting in the calm light of everlasting life.

Of the character of our late comrade it is unnecessary for us to say much, as he was well known. Being acquainted and associated with Bro. Craig ever since my earliest recollections, I can speak of him as I knew him. In his home he was found to be a dutiful, kind-hearted, industrious son and in the Army was a faithful, pleasant, and unselfish comrade, loved by all in the corps, as he possessed such an affectionate spirit and was ever ready to bear the burdens of others. In the interests of his country he was found to be of the type of sterling Canadians, brave, determined, and withal noble and Christ-like.

As betokening the regard in which Bro. Craig was held by all his Army comrades here, some voiced their heart-felt sorrow and paid some touching tributes to our late brother in the memorial service held on Sunday night. A loyal soldier he was, who stood by the flag and became a distinguished comrade. Now he rests beneath the African void. Never more shall we see his cheerful face in our midst, but when the toils of life are over we shall meet again to part no more. May we all be faithful unto death, as our comrade was, and strive to enter in at the straight gate. We know in this dispensation of Providence the shadows of bereavement have rested heavily upon the home of Bro. Craig, and our prayers go out to the sorrowing friends, and to them we extend our heart-felt sympathy, and pray that God may grant His richest consolation and gather them in unknown families into His heavenly home.—Hart F. Matthey.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

Mississauga.—On Sunday morning, June 29th, our sister, Missella Keats, named away, and conquered the Keats family death. She had been sick for months, but through her suffering was never known to murmur. She took it from God, her Father, knowing He death all things well. I did not have the privilege of visiting her, as we arrived at this place on Saturday, but from her testimonies we have around the grave, she is among the number to-day who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. We pray that God will comfort the bereaved ones.—M. Mercer, Capt.

OFF TO THE KLONDIKE.

ADJT. KENWAY, LIKE A WISE MAN GETS MARRIED PREVIOUS TO GOING—THE CHIEF SECRETARY CONDUCTS THE IMPORTANT CEREMONY, AND THE KNOT WAS PROPERLY TIED.

Salvation Army weddings have by no means lost their attraction, as was evidenced by the fact that a large crowd assembled at the S. A. Temple on Thursday night last to witness the uniting in holy matrimony of Adj. George Kenway and Capt. Bertha Bell. While it was a very happy crowd that came to see the ceremony, there was a marked absence of anything like frivolity and from the commencement of the service to the close everyone was able to keep "the even tenor of their ways."

It is necessary to speak but briefly of the preliminaries; the Chief Secretary gave some good, sound advice, which was well received, and not without profit. We also learned considerable about the history of the bridegroom, who is an old man-o-war's man, and who in his early days had much pleasure of being in a gunnery class at the same time as

The Present Prince of Wales, who was then Duke of York. He was an out-and-out Salvationist in the navy, and was one of a group of sailors who styled themselves "The Life and Glory Boys."

As an officer for quite a number of years, he has held many important positions in Newfoundland and Canada. In the former place he commanded quite a number of districts, and also acted as Assistant at the Provincial Headquarters in St. John's. In Canada he has also done much service in various ways, G.R.M. Financial Special in West Ontario being his last appointment.

The bride, Capt. Bell, has acted in the capacity of Secretary to Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, and has done much service otherwise in the Rescue Work.

When the Colonel gave notice to "stand forward" there was

Not the Slightest Hesitancy

on the part of either the bridegroom or the bride, who stood immediately in the front, the bride assisted by Miss Brookings, of Territorial Headquarters, and the Adjutant by Staff-Capt. Frank Morris. "The will's" were pronounced in no uncertain way, and could be heard distinctly all over the building. The ring was quickly placed upon the finger of the bride, and the Chief Secretary pronounced them to be man and wife, and at the very first opportunity after that, a love token, in the shape of a kiss, was played by the bridegroom on the cheek of the bride. The Colonel prayed, and thus the first part of the service came to a close.

The many messages which had been arriving during the service were then read, hearty applause being given at the end of each reading.

Spoken words not permit our quoting them all, but we must at least give the one from the Commissioner:

MESSAGE

To Adjutant Kenway and Captain Bell on the occasion of their marriage, July 17th, 1902:

At this eventful epoch in your experience, I am anxious to express my appreciation of your faithful service for God and the flag, given in the years that are past, and my confidence that the new path of usefulness which together you will tread may be crowned by the glory of yet greater triumphs.

I pray that your union may be a strengthening of your love to God, and an added basis for the edification of men, the together you may perfectly fulfil His purposes concerning the life of you each.

Your appointment to Dawson City—a post at so great a distance from Headquarters—has been an appointment of no unflinching trust in you both to discharge your full duty as followers of Christ and the flag, and here I want to assure you not only of my prayers, but the prayers of hundreds of your comrades which will follow you.

(Signed) Evangeline Booth,
Commissioner.

Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read also sent a warm message. Capt. Bell had been a faithful and devoted officer in the Rescue Work for three years, and had proved herself capable in every position she had held. The Lieut.-Colonel had also known Adj. Kenway as a loyal, hard-working officer, and wished them God-speed.

Other messages were read from Adj. Goodwin, who rejoiced to bring "one of the faithful few." Telegrams from Major McMillan and Provincial Staff, Ensign Hannes, Adj. McHarg, and others followed, being full of warm wishes and good-will.

Brigadier Gaslin then spoke to us, and his timely remarks were well received. As the responsible officer for the work in the Yukon to the Commissioner, in view of the Adjutant's appointment to that Arctic climate, his words came with special force. He paid a very high tribute to the work of the officers who had preceded the Adjutant in command of the work in the Klondike, and also spoke of the Adjutant's suitability for

A Command so Far Removed

from the seat of Army operations. He was a man who was diligent in business, and each an one was required at a post so distant.

Ensign Sellman, of the new Klondike contingent, also gave a stirring little talk, and although she had been described as being in "a delicate state of health," it had only been in a bit of fun, for she looked the picture of perfect health.

We must not forget the beautiful solo of Brigadier Pagmore in the earlier part of the meeting, or the speech of Staff-Capt. F. Morris, who reminded us that if there was one thing better than married bliss, it was single blessedness, and brought a few more thoughts to our minds which are likely to stay for a time.

The Chief Secretary brought the meeting to a beautiful close, and as a song of consecration was sung many hearts were touched afresh, and we could truly say that this wedding service His name was glorified. In the far-off gold fields of the Klondike we wish Adj. and Mrs. Kenway every success, and also their staff of officers. They will have difficulties, but they have amongst a warmer-hearted lot of people—Fry.

A Wedding and Farewell.

Victoria.—On Wednesday evening there was a grand rally of soldiers on the occasion of the welcome home to our old officer, Capt. LeDrew. She has changed her name to that of our worthy Treasurer (Wm. Galbraith) Ex-O'Neill. God abundantly bless Brother and Sister McNeill. All the soldiers, with few exceptions, were present and gave them a real hearty welcome. Capt. Walrath had a nice selection, tea for the occasion, and everything went well. Sister McNeill took an active part in the meetings. We are pleased to have Capt. Walrath stay another term, but sorry that Cadet McCormick has farewelled for Bertha. We shall miss her. She is a good soldier of the cross, and has done her duty nobly. God bless her, in the prayer of Victoria soldiers.—Sergt. W. H. Shillinglad.

St. John Wedding.

On July 2nd Staff-Capt. Howell conducted the wedding of Sergt.-Major March, of St. John H., and J. S. Sergt.-Major Mrs. Collings, of No. V. The wedding, which was a quiet affair, took place at their future home in the presence of a few personal friends, and was conducted by the Staff-Captain in his usual happy way. Brother and Sister March are Salvationists of some years' standing, and are devoted to the Army, waiting in full time in

trying to lift the fallen, and we feel sure they will go forward with fresh zeal together to work for God. We are sorry that No. II. has lost their Sergt.-Major, but it is our gala, and we give him a hearty welcome to the midst, praying God to bless them both in their future life—Spec. Cor.

East Ontario Notes.

The Provincial Officer, accompanied by Mrs. Turner and Ruth, have just completed a three weeks' tour in the Ontario portion of the Province, which has been made a great blessing in every way. Ottawa, Arnprior, Pembroke, Kingston, Picton, Campbellford, Peterborough, Hope, Cobourg, Trenton, Bellefleur, Deseronto, Gananoque, Ogdensburg, Prescott, and Cornwall were among the places visited, and in spite of the many disadvantages of the summer season, many of our corps are becoming more and more doing their best to come off more than conquerors.

Among some of the features of the tour, we might mention a splendid Sunday at Pembroke, a picnic at Britannia on the Bay for the Ottawa District, a wedding at Kingston, a dedication at Gananoque, a J.C. picnic at the Sand Banks for the Picton J.C. corps, the inspection of Peterboro's new J. S. library of eight hundred volumes, books, the enrolments, the splendid way the open-air interest keeps up, and the total number of souls at the mercy seat. For all this we give God the glory and march on to fresh conquests.

The desire of our comrades, the Local Officers, to shoulder their share of the responsibilities of the corps work is a very pleasing feature. This was especially noticeable in connection with the recent S.D. effort, in which another victory was scored for the R. O. P. braves, and our target an accomplished fact. We are in urgent need, however, of further consecrated local talent in the furtherance of the war.

Adj. and Mrs. Kendall are having a well-earned furlough prior to resuming fall operations in connection with their much-loved work. The Harmonic Revivalists will be somewhat reorganized during August. Capt. Ash taking the place of Capt. Crego, with another male officer to assist. Great things are expected of our comrades this coming fall.

Adj. and Mrs. Moore, Ensign and Mrs. Fugb, Ensign and Mrs. Norman, Ensigns Rowan, Gammalidge, Comstock, and Jones, also Capt. Weir, Cook, Young, Lang, B. Crego, Pitcher, A. Crego and wife, and Stationer Lieuts. Bryan, Ludlow, Overy, Grainger, Stata, and Bushey are all on furlough. Some on account of complete breakdowns, necessitating lengthy furloughs, others for shorter periods; consequently our work is very much hampered. Cheer on, for more laborers in the vineyard of the Lord!

THE DEAD MARCH.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way
March the feet of a million men;
If none shall pity and none shall save,
Where will the march they are making
Lead to and from?
The young, the strong, the old are there
In wretched ranks as they hurry past,
With not a moment to think or care
What is the fate that comes at last.

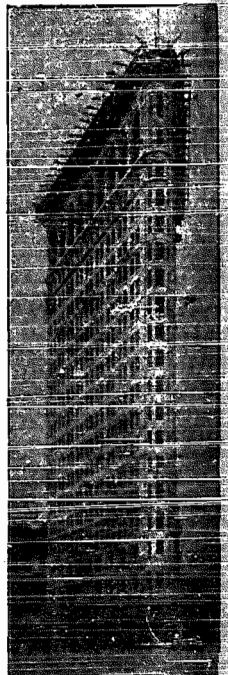
Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom,
Out of a boyhood pure and fair—
Over the thoughts of love and home—
Past the shadow of a mother's prayer;
Onward swift to a drunkard's grave,
Over the plea of wife and child,
Over the halcyon time of time—
Reason dethroned, and soul gone wild.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, till a drunkard's grave
Covers the broken life of shame—
Whilst the spirit Jesus died to save
Meets a future we dare not name.

God help us all, there's a cross to bear
And work to do for the many
through!
God give us strength, till the toll is
prayer
Shall end one day in the victor
song!

A WONDERFUL BUILDING.

The Flatiron Building, at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Third Street, New York, is a marvel of tall building construction. It takes its name from the general plan, which roughly resembles the form of a sashion. Its greatest length is 190 feet in Broadway. It is 172 feet long in Fifth Avenue, and 86 feet 8 inches in Twenty-Second Street. Sometimes a hundred or more, with heads bent backwards until a general view of necks seems imminent, collected along the walk on the Fifth Avenue side of Madison Square, and stay there until "one of the finest" orders them to move on. No wonder people stare! A building 307 feet high, presenting an edge almost as sharp as the bow of a ship to one of the most frequented openings along Broadway, is well worth looking at. The mere statement of the height in feet, however, tells only an imperfect idea of the towering structure.



New York's Flatiron.

The Flatiron is not the tallest building in New York, but it is the slenderest. "It's the sharpest thing any architect ever perpetrated," according to another authority.

It looks tall enough above ground, but there are things we don't see when we look at the building from the street, things that tell of the great grade.

If all its floors should be drawn into offices there would be seventeen on each floor, and if there were an average of five persons in the same the population of that building would be 1,700, or more than that of a respectable suburban village. The Flatiron is twenty stories high.—N. Y. Tribune.

"Bring the bottom of your life up to the top of your life!"

"The express train never stopped to find out what the fenceposts were about it as it passed by."

W.O.P. CAMP MEETINGS.

Major and Mrs. McMillan with the
West Ontario Camp Brigade
at Woodstock.

The W.O.P. Camp Brigade made their first appearance in Woodstock about 3.30 p.m., Friday, July 4th. The large new tent was successfully pitched in Vansittart Ave. Park.

Two large electric lights were placed in the tent, which lighted it up beautifully, we were also given the use of one of the lights in the band stand, and this makes the park almost as light as day.

Under our worthy leaders, Major and Mrs. McMillan, we opened fire Saturday night. The band stand was in attendance. We had a splendid open-air meeting, and a large and appreciative crowd assembled in the tent.

Sunday we had glorious times all day, beginning with the knee-drill at 7 a.m. During the day hundreds came to the tent, good interest was shown, and we closed with four souls for the day.

Monday, Bible reading at 9.30 a.m., conducted by the Major. One lady was particularly blessed and made happy. Holiness meeting in the afternoon at 3 p.m. The Lord was with us in power. Good meeting, at the end, in spite of a thunder storm. Five souls at the mercy seat for the day, one of these a poor drunkard, who sinned a pledge not to taste liquor again.

Tuesday, good meetings all day. The night meeting was especially interesting. Two souls sought pardon at the mercy seat, one of these a young college student.

Wednesday, glorious meeting in the afternoon, when our souls sought Christ. At night Capt. Jordan and his lieutenant came from Stratford and assisted in the meeting. The converts were at the open-air and took their stand as soldiers of the cross. Two more sought pardon at the close of the meeting.

Thursday, this meeting was conducted by the band. A splendid crowd came to the tent and gave very liberally.

Friday, Major McMillan conducted the funeral service of Bro. Gregg's little girl. She was a Junior and had been in our meetings the Sunday previous. Our sympathies are with the bereaved parents.

Staff-Capt. Rawling was away at Stratford conducting a Hallelujah Wedding.

The night meeting was one of the best we had held yet. A new tent was packed and many stood around. The devil raged on the outside, but God was with us, and three souls came forward to the mercy seat. Praise God for victory.

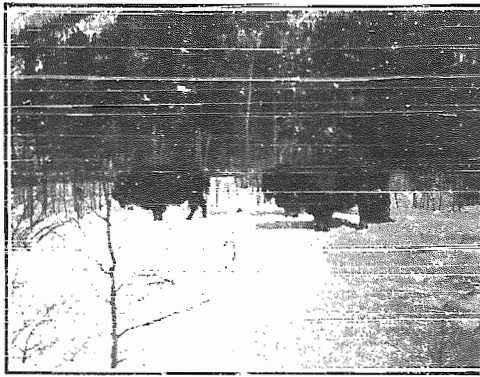
Saturday, the Junior meeting in the afternoon was well attended, and we had a nice time with the children.

At the night meeting the tent was again crowded, and many could not find standing room. The Major spoke with power, and conviction was felt, although no one would yield.

Sunday we commenced the day with twenty-five at knee-drill. The holiness meeting was a time of blessing to many present. One soul sought salvation.

During afternoon we were surprised by the soldiers from Stratford, Ingersoll, and Norwich. Tremendous crowds came to the tent afternoon and night, and deep conviction was felt in the meetings. Mrs. Major McMillan spoke with power. We ended the meeting with a hallelujah wine-up. Adj. Orchard was dancing happily.

Monday was the great wind-up of our campaign in Woodstock. The London band had been announced to be present, and at 7 o'clock the Woodstock band and comrades marched to the G. T. R. station to meet them.



The Buffalos in Banff National Park.

They were not disappointed; the evening train brought the London people in 30 strong. A large procession was formed and marched to the Market Square, where a rousing open-air was held.

Although the weather threatened rain yet the tent was packed and crowds stood around the outside. When we just got nicely seated the rain came down in torrents. A general rush was made towards the tent, where every available space was taken up. Short addresses were given by Bandmaster Plummer of Woodstock, Bandmaster Pope, of London, and Sergt-Major Andrews, of London, after which Adj. Goodwin was called upon. The famous Adj. Orchard did his best to tease the devil, the bandmen and soldiers joined in heartily, the people gave liberally, and altogether the closing meeting was a grand success.

Tuesday morning preparations were made to leave Woodstock for our next appointment, in spite of the recent straits of soldiers and friends, who were very anxious we should remain on for another two weeks; in fact, one gentleman offered the Major \$100 if he would remain two weeks longer. In leaving the city we felt we left behind us a band of good soldiers and many true friends. During our stay we had the joy of seeing a good number of soldiers turn to Christ, the soldiers were fired with new zeal, and the Christians were stirred up. We had 6,000 above the ordinary attendance at our meetings, the collections went over \$100; thanks to the efforts of Ensign Stone, who knows how to manage these things.

The tents and baggage were all packed up and we started for the station. Just a few minutes before train-time Staff-Captain Rawling discovered that a very important part of the baggage has been forgotten, and he rushed off to get it. What a sputter we were in when the train pulled out for Simcoe minus our worthy

Chancellor, who had all our baggage checks in his pocket. However, we got safely to Simcoe, and the Staff-Captain arrived by the next train all O. K.

We have our tents pitched here, and are going in for a mighty revival amongst the people of Simcoe.—The Hallelujah Schoolmaster.

ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE IN VERSE.

The following reply in verse was sent to the Ram's Horn by one of its readers to the riddle which appeared in our last issue:

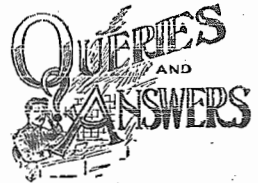
"You'll find fifth day, what then was done,
How God, ere making man, did give
Great fishes, in deep sea, to live.
'Twas one of these, a living thing,
No arms, no legs, no feet, no wing,
A body huge, without a soul,
Yet living under God's control,
And did his Master's laws obey,
Who rules the sea, and land, and away.
A purpose wise God had in view
As in all things His creatures do.
When this great fish did swallow whole
Poor Jonah's body and his soul,
Jonah repented, wept, and prayed;
Learned that his God must be obeyed.
God heard his prayer, and made the fish

Cast Jonah up as he did wish.
Thus was the whale again the same,
He had no soul, but kept his name.
He traveled on from pole to pole,
Without a hand, or foot, or soul.
So can no mortal thing conceive,
Nor any Scriptural truth believe,
Although his name is therein found,
These truths to him have empty sound.
Yet in his death are thousands freed,
He gives them light in time of need,
For whalers measure hours of toil
By his abundant yield of oil!
Thus did the whale for three days
Whole

Contain a man's immortal soul.
Prayer saved the seal, released the whale,
And gave the world this wondrous tale.



Adj. and Mrs. Wakefield and Willie Wakefield.



We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer enquiries about rules and regulations, difficult subjects of Doctrine, as far as it is necessary for you to know, about personal troubles and perplexities, or regarding general points of interest to the majority of readers. Write us frankly. Whenever a reply is such that it should be given quite confidentially, we will answer by letter, if you enclose postage stamp. We would not use your name in print, but all enquirers should sign their full name and address, so a matter of good faith.

Pro-Lieut. M. L.—Query: No. 1.—Kindly give me your opinion re soldiers working on Sunday: is it right? No. 2.—Is it wrong to go for mail on Sunday?

No. 3.—What instrument would you suggest as being the most suitable for an officer to learn of the following—concertina, guitar, or lute? Answer: (1) We should say it is wrong to work on Sunday when there is no necessity for it. There may be exceptional circumstances, however. For instance, a soldier employed in his own home, or in a workshop, at railways, mines, etc., when cessation from work is impracticable, may find occasional work on Sunday justifiable. At any rate, while, in principle, against Sunday work, we would not undertake to condemn all Sunday labor without qualification, since our Saviour sanctioned works of mercy and necessity. What are works of necessity a man must largely determine himself within his own conscience.

(2) It is wrong going for mail on Sunday if you feel condemned about it; but if you expect correspondence that is calculated to profit you in your work of salvation, and help you in being better prepared for any part thereof, there cannot be any wrong in getting it on Sunday.

(3) All three instruments are useful for an officer, but we would especially recommend the concertina, providing you get a good instrument, which will serve you better in the open-air, on the march, and in-doors, and will especially be of service to support the congregational singing when soldiers are few.

Bluesness.—Query: Why is it that so much ignorance exists among English people about Canada, since any Canadian school boy knows all about England? I read a talk-off in the London War Cry speaking of the dialect of Farmer Tom as Canadian dialect, since such trivial deviations from correct grammar as exist in Canada are neither as numerous nor as puzzling as the dialects in England, yet would it not sound absurd to name the Cockney "the English dialect," since there are so many others? Then again, the particular dialect of Farmer Tom, who drops the "ing" in his words, is very common instead of meetings is not one of the exclusive dialects of Canada, since I know a Staff Officer who came out of England some years ago, and who without exception drops his "ing," and slugs, "Marchin' on," etc.

Answer: We think that the take-off to which you refer was not meant in the least to be offensive. It is not a matter of common knowledge in England by any means that the "true" tight island" could be dropped into some of our big lakes without filling such. Now to be known generally that it is over 3,000 miles from Halifax to Vancouver, but Canada is becoming more widely and better known, and is bound to become of greater prominence in the near future.

Puzzled Reader.—Query: Do you think the six days of creation were of twenty-four hours' duration, or do they represent an age each? Answer: We cannot say, because watchmakers were not known until after the creation of Adam and Eve.

A. F.—Send your contribution to us, and if acceptable we will see it in our earliest issue.



Is it a Blizzard, or What?—A New Territorial Champion—The Central Province in Splendid Form, While the E. O. P. is Somewhat Under the Weather.

What is the matter with our North-Western warriors? There surely cannot be blizzards where you are this time of the year, and yet for two weeks the whole Province has been "snowed under." Not the name of one boomer appears on the fair pages of the Cry. Perhaps if a hot sun comes this next week we shall be surprised with the list of boomers we will have to honor. I trust so.

At last, at the champion boomer of the Territory, Lieut. Currell, has to take second place. It is said, in one way, but, nevertheless, too true that Capt. Hockin, of London, Ont., rushes ahead with four hundred copies. Well done, Captain! Is the right way, you'll photo this week, so that all could gaze upon your noble brow.

In Capt. Lloyd, of Dawson City, comes in with a good third of 287. It makes my heart bubble over with delight to note that the frost of two Arctic winters has not frozen the ardor of your heart. When it is considered these Cry's were sold at not less than 10c. apiece, her victory is the greater.

Poor East Ontario! When are you going to rush by the C.O.P.? Eric's advice is to keep on the alert, and it is quite evident he is going to keep his Province well to the fore, so that if the E.O.P. wants the second place of honor they will have to hustle. Methinks I hear a voice which says, "Well Turner is the right way, you'll see, and come out smiling on the top."

Eastern Province.

125 Hustlers.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Lieut. C. March, St. John I. | 270 |
| Lieut. Moore, Sydney | 255 |
| Capt. Martin, Fredericton | 250 |
| Capt. Payne, Hamilton | 250 |
| Jennie McQueen, Moncton | 150 |
| Serge. Violett, Halifax I. | 125 |
| Capt. Redmond, Somerset | 120 |
| Lieut. G. G. Smith, St. John's | 117 |
| Capt. Thompson, Charlottetown | 117 |
| Adj. Wiggins, New Glasgow | 110 |
| Capt. Taylor, Eastport | 110 |
| Capt. Melkie, Carleton | 110 |
| Capt. E. White, Charlottetown | 100 |
| Jennie Irons, Windsor | 100 |
| Lieut. H. White, North Sydney | 100 |
| P. S. M. Caslin, Halifax I. | 100 |
| Capt. Armstrong, Truro | 100 |
| Serge. Flood, Hamilton | 100 |
| Capt. Taylor, St. John's | 100 |
| Stella Larder, Windsor | 90 |
| Capt. Miller, Chatham | 90 |
| Lieut. Thistle, Calais | 90 |
| Capt. McFadden, New Glasgow | 87 |
| Lieut. Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen | 80 |
| Lieut. Weakley, Newcastle | 75 |
| Capt. N. Smith, Moncton | 75 |
| Mrs. A. Young, Lunenburg | 70 |
| Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney | 70 |
| S. M. Muttart, Summerside | 60 |
| Mrs. Reid, St. John's | 60 |
| Adm. Leavelle, Summerside | 60 |
| Ensign Thompson, Windsor | 60 |
| Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Amherst | 60 |
| Lieut. Fawson, Whitby Pier | 57 |
| Capt. Burroughs, Liverpool | 55 |
| Lieut. Clark, Liverpool | 55 |
| Mrs. McLaughlin, Summerside | 50 |
| Capt. Jones, Stellarton | 50 |
| Lieut. McLennan, Bridgewater | 50 |
| S. M. Smith, Windsor | 50 |
| Capt. Patton, St. John's | 50 |
| Mrs. Adj. Dowell, Halifax I. | 50 |
| Mrs. Marshall, Digby | 50 |
| Serge. Baskin, Halifax I. | 50 |
| Serge. Armstrong, St. John's | 50 |
| Mrs. Dunlop, St. George's | 50 |
| Ensign Peckford, St. John's | 50 |
| Ensign Wilson, Carleton | 50 |

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| Lieut. Nugent, Carleton | 50 |
| D. Smith, Campbellton | 45 |
| Mrs. Ensign Williams, Fredericton | 50 |
| Capt. Forney, Parrsboro | 45 |
| Lieut. H. Hutchins, Bear River | 45 |
| Serge. McKay, Halifax I. | 45 |
| Serge. Jarvis, Halifax II. | 45 |
| Capt. J. Green, Houlton | 45 |
| Lieut. McKay, Houlton | 45 |
| W. Jennings, St. George's | 45 |
| Capt. H. S. Thompson | 45 |
| Lieut. Crossman, Sussex | 45 |
| P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown | 45 |
| Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor | 40 |
| Capt. Tiller, Sydney Mines | 40 |
| Capt. Mercer, Campbellton | 40 |
| Capt. Gosselin, Fredericton | 40 |
| Ensign Knight, St. John's | 40 |
| Serge. Virgil, Southampton | 40 |
| Lieut. Cavender, Truro | 37 |
| Mrs. Ensign Cooper, Springfield | 35 |
| Capt. Wood, Dartmouth | 35 |
| James Kelley, St. George's | 35 |
| Capt. Jones, Halifax II. | 35 |
| Lieut. Melkie, Springfield | 35 |
| Serge. Dinnie, Glace Bay | 35 |
| Serge. Beatty, Fredericton | 35 |
| Serge. Ross, Fredericton | 35 |
| Capt. Mather, Hillsboro | 30 |
| Capt. Lamont, St. John's | 30 |
| Lieut. Lague, St. John's | 30 |
| May Turner, St. John's | 30 |
| Capt. Wood, Dartmouth | 30 |
| Capt. Chandler, Canning | 30 |
| Cadet Chislett, Canning | 30 |
| Serge. McDow, Dartmouth | 30 |
| Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth | 30 |
| Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth | 30 |
| Serge. Placer, Hamilton | 30 |
| Serge. Burns, Southampton | 30 |
| Capt. McEachern, Halifax IV. | 25 |
| Lieut. McKee, Halifax IV. | 25 |
| Cand. McKervy, St. John's | 25 |
| Capt. W. J. Green, St. John's | 25 |
| P. S. M. Jones, St. John's | 25 |
| Capt. Bell, Freeport | 25 |
| Serge. Lodge, Hamilton | 25 |
| Serge. Smith, Hamilton | 25 |
| Capt. H. S. Thompson | 25 |
| Lieut. Conrad, Stellarton | 25 |
| Serge. Sample, Stellarton | 25 |
| Capt. Penaberton, Campbellton | 25 |
| Cand. Hudson, Dominion | 25 |
| Serge. Smith, Glace Bay | 25 |
| S. M. Jones, St. John's | 25 |
| Ensign Cooper, Springfield | 25 |
| Lieut. Fraser, Hillsboro | 25 |
| Cand. Cowan, St. John's | 25 |
| Serge. Snow, Halifax II. | 25 |
| Capt. J. Green, St. John's | 25 |
| Lieut. Haugen, Dominion | 24 |
| Lieut. Elliott, Sydney Mines | 20 |
| Lieut. Whales, Louisburg | 20 |
| Serge. Pitts, Springfield | 20 |
| Serge. England, Chatham | 20 |
| Serge. J. Green, St. John's | 20 |
| Mrs. Fraser, Halifax I. | 20 |
| Beatie Rogers, Halifax I. | 20 |
| Lieut. F. White, Bridgetown | 20 |
| Mrs. Phinney, Parrsboro | 20 |
| Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen | 20 |
| S. M. Keat, Bear River | 20 |
| C. C. Roone, Halifax II. | 20 |
| Capt. Parsons, Amherst | 20 |
| Serge. Robinson, Amherst | 20 |
| Mrs. Ross, Summerside | 20 |
| Capt. Hebb, Sackville | 20 |

West Ontario Province.

82 Hustlers.

| | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Capt. Hockin, London | 400 |
| P. S. M. Hoffman, Woodstock | 150 |
| Ensign Heilman, Goderich | 130 |
| Ensign Hale, St. Thomas | 110 |
| Capt. Macdonald, Stratford | 100 |
| Lieut. Close, Strathroy | 100 |
| Sister Thompson, Wallaceburg | 90 |
| Capt. Carr, Sarnia | 90 |
| Adj. Scott, Sarnia | 85 |
| Mrs. Burton, Goderich | 85 |
| Mrs. C. J. St. John's | 80 |
| Lieut. Minster, Simcoe | 80 |
| Capt. H. S. Thompson | 80 |
| Ensign Howcroft, Wingham | 75 |
| P. S. M. Bateman, Stratford | 75 |
| Capt. Wood, Strathroy | 75 |
| Mrs. McLaughlin, Chatham | 75 |
| Serge. Britton, Stratford | 70 |
| Mrs. Capt. Koch, Sarnia | 70 |
| P. S. M. Schuster, Berlin | 65 |
| Mrs. Hoddinott, Ingersoll | 65 |
| Capt. H. S. Thompson | 65 |
| Lieut. Feanahy, Windsor | 60 |
| Mrs. Coy, Leamington | 60 |
| S. M. Tremblay, Listowel | 60 |
| Lieut. Yemans, Paris | 60 |
| Mrs. Dunlop, St. George's | 60 |
| Capt. White, Ridgeway | 60 |
| Serge. Mrs. Kerswell, London | 50 |

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| Yerna Crafts, Chatham | 50 |
| Lieut. Parker, Dresden | 50 |
| Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll | 50 |
| Capt. Dowell, Palmerston | 50 |
| Capt. Hogg, Clinton | 50 |
| Lieut. Allen, Watford | 40 |
| Lieut. Anderson, Tilsonburg | 44 |
| Lieut. Richardson, Clinton | 40 |
| Capt. Pattenden, Wallaceburg | 40 |
| Lieut. Murray, Brimley | 40 |
| Mrs. Deane, Stratford | 40 |
| P. S. M. Glover, Dresden | 40 |
| C. C. G. Cooper, Brantford | 37 |
| Lieut. McColl, Bothwell | 37 |
| Capt. Young, Forest | 37 |
| Maggie Chisholm, Woodville | 35 |
| Adm. Clark, Petrolia | 35 |
| Lieut. Ellis, Ridgeway | 35 |
| Capt. Gibson, Tilsonburg | 34 |
| Edna Laird, Essex | 34 |
| Sister Hawkins, St. Thomas | 30 |
| Lieut. B. S. Thomas | 30 |
| Calista Silver, St. Thomas | 30 |
| Isa Groom, Brimley | 30 |
| Mary Wilson, Simcoe | 30 |
| Sister McIlroy, St. Thomas | 30 |
| Capt. Coy, Leamington | 30 |
| Adm. Clark, Petrolia | 30 |
| Hazel Robinson, Windsor | 28 |
| Daisy Bond, Windsor | 28 |
| Fred Palmer, London | 25 |
| Lieut. Cook, Thorndon | 25 |
| Sister McIlroy, St. Thomas | 25 |
| Capt. Williams, Chatham | 25 |
| Capt. Glass, Essex | 25 |
| Sister Livers, Ingersoll | 25 |
| Capt. Jordan, Stratford | 25 |
| Winnie Bryden, Windsor | 25 |
| Edna Robinson, Petrolia | 25 |
| Lottie Christner, Petrolia | 25 |
| Mrs. Adj. Coombs, Petrolia | 25 |
| Sister Geraldine, London | 24 |
| Roxana Andrews, Tilsonburg | 20 |
| Eric Shingore, Ingersoll | 20 |
| S. M. Graham, Thamesville | 20 |
| Dan Kerswell, London | 20 |
| Abel Smith, Tilsonburg | 20 |
| Bella Beach, London | 20 |
| Dad Christian, Dresden | 20 |
| Capt. Gosselin, Goderich | 20 |
| Capt. Bonny, Listowel | 20 |
| C. C. Pearson, Woodstock | 20 |
| Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll | 20 |
| Nellie Brown, Bothwell | 20 |
| Dave Virtue, Windsor | 20 |
| Lieut. Smith, Petrolia | 20 |
| Capt. Rock, Seaforth | 20 |
| Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas | 20 |
| Serge. Hyman, Petrolia | 20 |
| Mary Schuster, Berlin | 20 |

Central Ontario Province.

76 Hustlers.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Lieut. Cornell, Hamilton I. | 350 |
| Mrs. Jones, Huntsville | 100 |
| Capt. McCann, Yorkville | 60 |
| Lieut. Danvers, Yorkville | 60 |
| S. M. Graham, Petrolia | 60 |
| Ensign Smith, Barrie | 60 |
| Lieut. Clark, Dorchester | 59 |
| Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound | 58 |
| Alice Ensign, Bracebridge | 57 |
| Ensign Stager, Owen Sound | 56 |
| Capt. Sargeant, Barrie | 56 |
| Serge. Dickinson, Dundas | 52 |
| S. M. Mrs. Stewart, Ingersoll | 51 |
| Serge. Pullbrook, Larrrie | 50 |
| Ensign Brant, Ottawa | 50 |
| C. J. St. John's | 50 |
| Capt. Meador, North Bay | 50 |
| Lieut. Porter, North Bay | 50 |
| Serge. McArthur, Temple | 50 |
| Capt. Capper, Parry Sound | 50 |
| Ensign Hyde, Riverside | 50 |
| Lieut. Adams, St. John's Falls | 45 |
| Capt. Rose, Orillia | 45 |
| Serge. Richards, Temple | 44 |
| Capt. Hart, Hamilton I. | 40 |
| S. M. Hinton, Oakville | 40 |
| Ensign Stager, Barrie | 40 |
| Capt. Huskinson, Midland | 40 |
| Ensign Hanna, Dundas | 40 |
| Cand. McMillan, Lindsay | 40 |
| Lieut. Grimth, Sturgeon Falls | 37 |
| Capt. Sargeant, Sturgeon Falls | 37 |
| Capt. Stillinger, Barrie | 37 |
| Lieut. Minnes, Riverside | 37 |
| C. C. Sheardson, Eather St. | 26 |
| Capt. Meeks, Eather St. | 25 |
| Capt. Wilson, Newmarket | 25 |
| Lieut. H. S. Thompson | 25 |
| Capt. Marsell, Killam | 25 |
| Mand Hatter, Orillia | 35 |
| Serge. Mrs. Phillips, Ingersoll | 23 |
| Capt. Oke, Orillia | 32 |
| Lieut. Courtneanche, Eather St. | 31 |
| Lieut. H. S. Thompson | 31 |
| Lieut. Baskin, Temple | 30 |
| Serge. McArthur, Temple | 30 |
| Adj. McAlmond, Temple | 30 |
| Mrs. Capt. Hart, Hamilton II. | 30 |
| Lieut. Stager, Barrie | 30 |
| Capt. Brooks, Gravenhurst | 28 |
| Lieut. Stickle, Gravenhurst | 27 |
| Clara Thatcher, Hamilton I. | 27 |
| Lieut. Jones, Burk's Falls | 25 |
| Lieut. Jones, Burk's Falls | 25 |
| C. C. Gosselin, Gravenhurst | 25 |
| Capt. Carwardine, Chelsey | 25 |

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|----------------------------------|----|
| Lieut. Lamb, Chelsey | 25 |
| Lieut. Darch, Alton Harbor | 25 |
| S. M. Mrs. Bowers, Ingersoll | 25 |
| Adj. Bala, Ingersoll | 25 |
| Serge. Major McDonald, Ingersoll | 25 |
| Maud Rogers, Hamilton I. | 25 |
| S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge | 25 |
| Tressa, Miller, Bracebridge | 25 |
| Serge. Mrs. Bro, Parry Sound | 25 |
| Mrs. Robinson, Temple | 25 |
| Sister M. Andrews, Temple | 25 |
| Sister: Bye, Temple | 25 |
| C. C. N. Richards, Lindsay | 25 |
| Serge. Hinton, Lindsay | 25 |
| Adj. Hinton, Lindsay | 25 |
| Mrs. Adj. Simon, Lindsay | 25 |
| Nellie Glasgow, Bowmanville | 25 |
| Capt. Marshall, Bowmanville | 25 |
| Capt. Calvert, Bowmanville | 25 |

East Ontario Province.

60 Hustlers.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa | 110 |
| Lieut. Webb, St. Johnsbury | 110 |
| Ensign Hutt, Burlington | 110 |
| Ensign Comstock, Belleville | 110 |
| Lieut. Langley, Burlington | 110 |
| Lieut. Hoole, Kingston | 110 |
| Lieut. Ludlow, Sherbrooke | 110 |
| Serge. H. S. Thompson | 110 |
| Capt. O'Neill, Araprior | 110 |
| Serge. Rogers, Montreal I. | 110 |
| Capt. Bloss, Perth | 110 |
| Lieut. Greenelands, Trenton | 110 |
| Capt. Wieve, Kempton | 110 |
| Lieut. Duncan, Belleville | 110 |
| Adj. McNamara, Kingston | 110 |
| Lieut. Foley, Pembroke | 110 |
| Adj. Moore, Peterboro | 110 |
| Lieut. Keale, Newport | 110 |
| Capt. Gress, Port Hope | 110 |
| Lieut. Mathis, Port Hope | 110 |
| Mrs. Barber, Kingston | 110 |
| Capt. Butch, Gananoque | 110 |
| Capt. Hicks, Pembroke | 110 |
| Serge. Russell, Millbrook (2 wks) | 110 |
| Mrs. Adj. Moore, Peterboro | 110 |
| Capt. Gress, Gananoque | 110 |
| Mrs. Rose, Millbrook (3 wks) | 110 |
| Mrs. Gress, Corawall | 110 |
| Capt. Liddell, Belleville | 110 |
| Serge. Thompson, Belleville | 110 |
| Serge. Hippers, Montreal II. | 110 |
| Capt. Lang, Truro | 110 |
| Mrs. Rush, Truro | 110 |
| Serge. Harbour, Ottawa | 110 |
| Mrs. Barton, Prescott | 110 |
| Mrs. Capt. Brimmon, Campbellford | 110 |
| Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro | 110 |
| C. C. Pollitt, Kingston | 110 |
| Capt. Fitcher, Gananoque | 110 |
| Serge. Moon, Tweed | 110 |
| Serge. Ritchie, Montreal I. | 110 |
| P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I. | 110 |
| Ensign Harkitt, Montreal I. | 110 |
| Capt. Clark, Brockville | 110 |
| C. C. Fitcher, Gananoque | 110 |
| Tressa, White, Brockville | 110 |
| Mrs. Gress, Cornwall | 110 |
| Serge. Hornback, Cobourg | 110 |
| Cadet Allen, Newport | 110 |
| Lieut. Gales, Ottawa | 110 |
| Serge. Fitcher, Gananoque | 110 |
| Capt. Brimmon, Campbellford | 110 |
| Mrs. Ensign Noranda, Deseronto | 110 |
| Father Dugnet, Trenton | 110 |
| Lieut. Rutledge, Cobourg | 110 |
| Lieut. Gifford, Odessa | 110 |
| Serge. Fitcher, Gananoque | 110 |
| Sister Wilcox, Montreal II. | 110 |
| Mrs. Barber, Kingston | 110 |
| Mrs. Housden, Montreal I. | 110 |
| Mrs. Harkitt, Montreal I. | 110 |
| Serge. Vancour, Montreal | 110 |

Newfoundland Province.

33 Hustlers.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Cadet James, St. John's I. | 100 |
| Serge. Mrs. Harris, St. John's I. | 100 |
| P. S. M. White, St. John's I. | 100 |
| S. M. Ridd, St. John's | 100 |
| Lieut. Morgan, St. John's | 100 |
| Mrs. Adj. Fraser, St. John's I. | 100 |
| Adj. Fraser, St. John's I. | 100 |
| Serge. Blackmore, Piller's Island | 100 |
| Capt. Stuckland, St. John's | 100 |
| Serge. Baskin, St. John's | 100 |
| Ensign Brown, Chatham | 100 |
| Cand. Hinton, Hamilton | 100 |
| Serge. Blenden, St. John's I. | 100 |
| Serge. Bala, St. John's | 100 |
| Cadet Lovelace, St. John's I. | 100 |
| Capt. Moore, St. John's I. | 100 |
| Lieut. Mercer, Harbor Grace | 100 |
| S. M. A. Snow, St. John's I. | 100 |
| Serge. Major Bennett, Fortune | 100 |
| Mrs. Ensign Hinton, Bay Roberts | 100 |
| Lieut. Bart, Bay Roberts | 100 |
| J. S. M. A. Snow, St. John's I. | 100 |
| Capt. Sheppard, Clark's Beach | 100 |
| C. C. W. White, Fraser, St. John's I. | 100 |
| Lieut. Mercer, Chatham | 100 |
| Lieut. Skinner, Gooseberry Island | 100 |
| Serge. Honeyburn, St. John's | 100 |
| Mrs. Gosselin, Gravenhurst | 100 |
| Mrs. Gosselin, St. John's I. | 100 |
| C. C. White, Harbor Grace | 100 |

Self-Denial Collectors' Honor Roll.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

| | |
|---|----------|
| Mrs. Colonel Jacobs, Territorial Headquarters | \$212.50 |
| Staff-Capt. Archibald, Territorial Headquarters | 110.00 |
| Adj. Desbriary, Hamilton I. | 104.00 |
| Lieut. Curriel, Hamilton | 63.00 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Walker, St. Catharines | 60.00 |
| Capt. Nelson, St. Catharines | 60.00 |
| Sergt.-Major Verrall, Ligar St. | 54.25 |
| Ensign Leat, North Bay | 44.40 |
| Capt. Bond, Sudbury | 42.00 |
| Brigadier Horn, T. H. Q. | 40.00 |
| Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound | 40.00 |
| Mrs. Dubois, Midland | 35.50 |
| Capt. Kivell, Fenelon Falls | 30.00 |
| Lieut. Jago, Fenelon Falls | 30.00 |
| Major and Mrs. Collier, T.H.Q. | 30.00 |
| Adj. Welch, T. H. Q. | 30.00 |
| Ensign Grant, Oshawa | 29.75 |
| Ensign Smith, Barrie | 28.00 |
| Lieut. Quaffe, Toronto I. | 27.00 |
| Capt. Chink, Sudbury | 27.00 |
| Capt. Hart, Parry Sound | 25.28 |



Mrs. Colonel Jacobs.

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|---------------------------------|-------|
| Bro. Carr, Toronto I. | 25.00 |
| Adj. Leat, Ligar St. | 25.00 |
| Staff-Capt. Creighton, T. H. Q. | 22.50 |
| Capt. Appleton, Barrie | 22.50 |
| Lieut. Sheppard, Barrie | 22.00 |
| Capt. Stickels, Ligar St. | 21.00 |
| Ensign French, P. H. Q. | 21.00 |
| S. M. Scott, Newmarket | 21.00 |
| S. M. Scott, Ligar St. | 20.25 |
| Capt. Fisher, Uxbridge | 20.11 |
| Sergt. Slater, Barrie | 20.00 |
| Capt. Gregory, Temple | 20.00 |
| Bro. and Sister Turner, Temple | 20.00 |
| Capt. Chink, Sudbury | 20.00 |
| Lieut. Welch, Uxbridge | 19.89 |
| Sergt. McArthur, Temple | 19.35 |
| Capt. Stickels, Sturgeon Falls | 17.45 |
| Lieut. Grith, Sturgeon Falls | 17.45 |
| Mrs. LeCocq, Hamilton I. | 17.00 |
| Mrs. F. Spencer, Dovercourt | 14.50 |
| Mrs. Staff-Capt. Cass, P. H. Q. | 16.55 |
| Mrs. Grant, Yorkville | 16.63 |
| Adj. Burrows, Lippincott | 16.00 |
| Capt. LeCocq, Hamilton I. | 15.00 |

QUEER ENGLISH.

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes.
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not axes.
Then one tool is gouse, but two are called geese.
Yet the plural of mouse should never be mouses.
You may find a hore mouse, or a whole herd of mice,
but the plural of mouse is mouses, not mice.
If the plural of man is always called men.
We call the plural of pan never pan.
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine.
But a cow if repeated is never called kine.
And the plural of vow is vows, not vice.
And if I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called boots?
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth.

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| Adj. Adams, T. H. Q. | 15.00 |
| Capt. Howcroft, Huntsville | 15.00 |
| Capt. Carter, Brampton | 15.00 |



Staff-Capt. Archibald.

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| Capt. Culvert, Midland | 15.00 |
| Lieut. Porter, Midland | 14.00 |
| Mrs. Smith, Meaford | 13.60 |
| Lieut. Marskell, Brooklin | 13.50 |
| Sister Marthall, Toronto I. | 13.50 |
| Sergt. Hunter, Newmarket | 13.20 |
| Adj. Atwell, T. H. Q. | 13.00 |
| Mrs. Barker, Brampton | 13.00 |
| Capt. Calvert, Toronto I. | 12.62 |
| Capt. Wilson, Newmarket | 11.79 |
| S. M. Bailey, Hamilton I. | 11.60 |
| E. Smith, Midland | 11.50 |
| Sister G. Porter, Sudbury | 11.45 |
| Maud Rogers, Hamilton I. | 11.40 |
| S. M. Roberts, Dovercourt | 11.38 |
| S. M. Seeds, Riverside | 11.30 |
| Capt. Matthews, Hamilton I. | 11.25 |
| Mrs. Jones, Huntsville | 11.21 |
| Adj. and Mrs. Miller, T. H. Q. | 11.00 |
| Lieut. McInnes, Gravenhurst | 11.00 |
| Sergt. C. Graham, Temple | 11.00 |
| Sergt. Mary Campbell, Chubb | 10.55 |
| J. S. Treas. Agnew, Hamilton I. | 10.50 |
| The late Mrs. Brigadier Horn, T. H. Q. | 10.00 |
| Adj. Patterson, T. H. Q. | 10.00 |
| Ensign J. Hamilton, T. H. Q. | 10.00 |
| John Brown, Huntsville | 10.00 |
| Capt. Freeman, T. H. Q. | 10.00 |
| Staff-Capt. F. Morris, T. H. Q. | 10.00 |
| Ensign Easton, T. H. Q. | 10.00 |
| Ensign and Mrs. McClelland, Toronto Shelter | 10.65 |
| Bro. Kimberley, Sudbury | 10.00 |
| Treas. Thompson, Sudbury | 10.00 |
| Bro. W. Thompson, Sudbury | 10.00 |
| Capt. McCann, Yorkville | 10.00 |
| Lieut. Dauberville, Yorkville | 10.00 |
| Capt. Matthews, Burk's Falls | 10.00 |
| Bro. Geo. Armstrong, Burk's Falls | 10.00 |
| Mrs. Cano, St. Catharines | 10.00 |
| Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines | 10.00 |
| Sister Stevens, Fenelon Falls | 10.00 |
| Capt. Stephens, Meaford | 10.00 |
| Lieut. Phillips, Meaford | 10.00 |
| Mrs. Milligan, Meaford | 10.00 |
| Sister Cook, Brampton | 10.00 |

Adj. C. DeLisley.

Why shouldn't the plural of tooth be called both?
If the singular's this, and the plural is these.
Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed kens?
Then one would be that, and three would be those.
Yet bat in a plural would never be be.
We speak of a brother, and also of brotherhood.
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then masculine pronouns are he, his and him.
But imagine the feminine—she, she, and she!
So the English, I think, you all will agree.
Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.
Men are either moulders or are moulded.
The edifice of character cannot be built without an architect.

This and That.

Cure for Corns.—There are almost as many remedies for corns as for a cold, but as few poor women generally suffer so terrible from this infliction, these remedies cannot be too well known. For soft corns, dip a piece of linen in turpentine, and wrap it round the toe on which the corn is situated every night and morning. It will prove an immediate relief to the pain and soreness, and the corn will disappear after a few days.

Hay Fever.—A correspondent writes that grass itself is the best remedy for hay fever. The fresh blades and stems are opposite in their effects on the system to the ripened seed tips, calming and anti-purulent. Chew the white part of stems to stop an attack of sneezing or dry throat, and apply some of the expressed sap or juice about the forehead. Dilute slightly with water. In advanced cases use the green leaves in the same way, inhaling their odor also.

Court plaster should be used with care. If the injury be very slight, of course it can be applied without much possibility of harm; but if it be at all deep, never use the plaster to cover the wound. Simply cut long, narrow slips, and apply them across the cut to bring the edges together. Then the secretions of the wound can escape, and will not mature unless dirty. Never apply court plaster to a bruised wound. Times without number do we see a wound become a painful sore by being covered with court plaster. Its whole use is to bring together, and hold together, the edges of a cut, or to keep the air and dirt from a slight abrasion.

To keep milk sweet for several days add a teaspoonful of fine salt to every quart of new milk.

When washing saten, or any cotton fabric with a satin finish, rinse in borax water to give a gloss.

Never hang a mirror where the sun's rays will fall upon it. The sun acts upon the mercury and clouds the glass.

Use soapy water when making starch, and the irons will not stick, while it gives the clothes a glossier appearance.

To Clean Carpet from Soot.—If soot is dropped on a carpet, throw down an equal quantity of salt, and sweep all off together.

When the color has been taken out of silk by the action of an acid, it will generally be restored by applying a little sal volatile to the spot.

Clean enameled saucepans by boiling in them half a teaspoonful of chloride of lime, dissolved in the amount of water the saucepan will hold.

To prevent potatoes turning black after cooking, peel them and put them in water for an hour or two before cooking, or over a night.

If ink is splattered on woodwork it may be taken out by scouring with sand and water and a little ammonia; then rinse with soda and water.

Lavender Salts.—Three pennyworth of rock ammonia, two pennyworth of liquid ammonia, one dracum of oil of lavender. Place in an ornamental bottle, and fill up with lavender.

Religious teachers count for more than religious teachings.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

WOMEN'S SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

It is very important that officers do not send girls or children to any of our Women's Social Institutions without making previous arrangements and obtaining the consent of the Marions responsible, as we have been put to much inconvenience in this way. We gladly help all who need it, but we will accept no responsibility on the part of applicants, who are sent out without our sanction and approval. Apply to the following addresses: Toronto, Ont., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Hamilton, Ont., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Montreal, Que., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Ottawa, Ont., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Kingston, Ont., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Windsor, Ont., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. London, Ont., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Niagara Falls, Ont., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Port Huron, Mich., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Detroit, Mich., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Chicago, Ill., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. St. Paul, Minn., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Minneapolis, Minn., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. St. Louis, Mo., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Kansas City, Mo., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Omaha, Neb., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Denver, Colo., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Salt Lake City, Utah, Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Portland, Ore., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Seattle, Wash., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. 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Hanford, Cal., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Coalinga, Cal., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Santa Maria, Cal., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Santa Barbara, Cal., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Ventura, Cal., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Oxnard, Cal., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Thousand Oaks, Cal., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Malibu, Cal., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Encinitas, Cal., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Escondido, Cal., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. San Marcos, Cal., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Vista, Cal., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. Stationers, 200 Queen St. W. Escondido, Cal., Misses Stewart, c/o Jones & Co. 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Stationers

Original Salvation Songs

From the Land of the Southern Cross.

COMPOSED BY THE LATE TREAS. FITZGERALD.

IT'S "HALLELUJAH!" NOW.

Tune.—Grand salvation plan.

I used to growl if things went wrong—
It's "Hallelujah!" now;
I've learned to sing a better song.
(Chorus.)
And though the devil often tries
My peace to overthrow,
Triumphant over him I rise,
Still singing as I go—

Chorus.

Oh, the glory's coming down to me,
It's "Hallelujah!" now;
The glory's coming down to me,
Oh, "Hallelujah!" now.

I find that serving God does pay.
He gives me glory now;
He helps me in my work each day.
(Chorus.)
And now, instead of blustering
When things go somewhat wrong,
I just praise God and start to sing
Some glad triumphant song.

DON'T FORGET TO KEEP BELIEVING.

Tune.—The nearer, or, The nearer
Chorus.

Don't forget to keep believing,
Don't forget to keep in God—
Forward, ever onward pressing,
We shall win with Him and His blood.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We shall win with Him and His blood.

Don't forget to keep believing,
Away coming to God—
On, go forth, His word obeying—
We shall win with Him and His blood.

Don't forget to keep believing,
Never trusting in God's word;
With His Spirit ever abiding,
We shall win with Him and His blood.

Don't forget to keep believing,
Though your lot is very hard;
Still look Jesus' grace receiving,
We shall win with Him and His blood.

Don't forget to keep believing,
In His precious word;
Look ahead and see light gleaming,
We shall win with Him and His blood.

Tune.—Twas a happy day and
Chorus.

I used to be a sinner,
And I used to play at work,
And at playing that I used to be
A sinner.

But I sought and found God's love,
For this love does never waver—
And now it's glory all the way along.

Chorus.

Twas a joyful day, beyond a doubt,
When Jesus turned the devil out;
And now for Jesus I can shout—
"Oh, glory to His name!"

I used to go to heaven,
And never come back;
And now I see the kingdom without stain
And sin.

Now I've come to Jesus,
I've received His new most precious,
And now I'm going to reign with Him
On high.

I used to be a sinner,
When I was young and gay;
Which temptations I never would let
"Bury."

So with this just like a sinner,
I came to Christ's salvation,
And like the morning, now I see
The way.

System—Now, then, dominions,
Satan's dominions, you all carry
The way.

Through such in degradation,
You, too, may have salvation,
And in God's name you may find
A plan.

No matter what your station,
Nor yet your occupation,
You all may come and prove the Sar-
lour's grace.

Spoken.—And then, with me, you'll
be able to sing—

Chorus.

Twas a joyful day, beyond a doubt,
When Jesus turned the devil out;
And now for Jesus I can shout—
"Oh, glory to His name!"

Tune.—All my heart I give Thee,
Saviour, keep me faithful, faithful
Lord, to Thee;
In the darkest conflict, help me
True to be.

In the weary watching, teach the
heartiest trial,
Keep me going forward, living, teach
Thy smile.

Chorus.

Keep me bright and cheery,
Always true, always brave;
Never growing weary,
Seeking souls to save.

And though some who always have
seemed good and true,
Who the severest fighting bravely have
gone through,
All at once grow weary, and forsake
the Lord.

Keep me faithful to Thee, on the nar-
row road,
When deserters stander out dear Gen-
eral,
Keep me going forward, always glad
to go.

I'm an S. S. soldier, wearing uniform,
Conquering through Jesus, watching
each hour.

Yes, I am a soldier, pledged to be true
To my God and country—Yellow, Red,
and Blue;

Yellow—My Fire; Red—My Jesus;
Blue—My truest party. Keep me
faithful, true.

Tune.—Jesus came with peace to me
(Chorus.)

Living in sin you have been,
You have wandered far from
home and God's
Will of Him, that for you,
Jesus died, and shed His precious
blood blood.

One more chance there is for thee,
One more chance to be set free;
What if it's the last should be for ever-
more!

Death will come, then, when
Gaily you stand to the Judgment day;
So you are, as God's law,
Power to bear him out. "Depart to
hell, you!"

You will know, when you go
To God's bar, that when we are in
sin.

Then you will know, in judgment,
That you are, that you are
offered you.

You will know, when you hear
The voice of Jesus, that you are
offered you.

You will know, when you hear
The voice of Jesus, that you are
offered you.

You will know, when you hear
The voice of Jesus, that you are
offered you.

You will know, when you hear
The voice of Jesus, that you are
offered you.

You will know, when you hear
The voice of Jesus, that you are
offered you.

You will know, when you hear
The voice of Jesus, that you are
offered you.

You will know, when you hear
The voice of Jesus, that you are
offered you.

No need of any words to tell,
Your own sharp eyes could see
Just what the dear old Army, sir,
Has done for Jim and me.

A year ago I hadn't flour
To make a loaf of bread,
And many a night my little ones
Went supperless to bed.
But peep into the pantry, sir,
There's sugar, flour, and tea;
And that's what God and the Army, sir,
Has done for Jim and me.

That pall that holds the milk, sir,
He used to fill with beer,
But he hasn't had a drop of drink
For nearly now a year.
He looks the whole world in the face,
And steps out brave and free;
That's what the dear old Army, sir,
Has done for Jim and me.

I used to be afraid of him—
His coming, when day day;
Now every night, when supper's over,
The table's cleared away;
The children frolic round his chair,
And climb upon his knee;
That's what the dear old Army, sir,
Has done for Jim and me.

COME ALONG TO-DAY.

Tune.—Wait for the wagon; or, Some
people say we are too young.

1 We're marching on with Christ,
Our shield,
Poor sinner, will you come?
He's with us on the battlefield.

Poor sinner, will you come?
He's with us on the battlefield.

Chorus.
Come along, poor sinner,
Come along, poor sinner,
Come along, poor sinner,
Oh, come along to-day!

He's always with us in the fight,
And always there for you;
Oh, with your heart, this night—
Because He died for you.

He'll keep you faithful till you die,
If you will trust in Him;
You'll live with Him up in the sky,
If you will trust in Him.
Bertie Lawley, aged six and a half

TOOTHLESS RELIGION.

Tune.—Wait for the wagon.

Like toothless instruments with
teeth,
God wants us all to be,
To preach and bear the message
down.

And never then in the sea;
To preach and bear the message
down.

Chorus.
To preach and bear the message
down.

To preach and bear the message
down.

To preach and bear the message
down.

To preach and bear the message
down.

To preach and bear the message
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To preach and bear the message
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To preach and bear the message
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To preach and bear the message
down.

SINNER, THINK!

By A. ROWAN.

Tunes.—In the gloaming; Don't
near the bar-room, brother; I
never can tell when the
bell's tolling (B.J. 13).

Sinner, think of that dread scene,
When your day of choice is done,
Christ rising from heaven's throne,
Hell's fierce, angry billows
With that awful feeling dawning
That the dreadful die is cast,
And for ever—oh, for ever—
I hope of heaven has from you
passed.

Fires of anguish—hopeless anguish—
Shall be yours in that dread day
Bitter wailings, screams wailing
For the chance passed away,
Heaven's entrance, locked and
Spurned, for selfish choice and
Sinner's yearnings, fond ones
Treated as if 'twere but play.

Listen to the Spirit's pleadings
While for you 'tis called to-day;
Follow now His gentle leadings
Ever from sin's ways away,
Grieved and wounded by rejection,
Calvary's love despised and spurned
For you then will be destruction,
You, who whom the Spirit yearns

EFFECTIVE PROMISION.

The enactment of Prohibition in
Bartow County, Georgia, was
one day declared illegal by the
The principal town in the county
Cartersville, and the condition of
there there is set out in the following
question from a statement in the
Atlanta Journal by Rev. Sam. J.
Jones:

You let a fellow try to get
taken in Cartersville? There have
been but two leaders who have
about it in eighteen years, and
they came here under the original
jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of
the United States. We then held a
meeting, and passed three resolutions
as follows:

"Resolved, first, We don't want
any official package, or any other kind
of package of whisky sent in Carters-
ville.

Secondly, We are not going to
any and kind.

Thirdly, We will make it
package out of any and kind
crime it is in Cartersville."

And these resolutions were passed
unanimously, and the first
week the first train and left Carters-
ville for good and bad.

Ward living does not make
any and kind.

They have seen the law
hypocrites.

Growing and getting are the
evidence of living.

Springing rather easily, but they are
quickly wrong, dry.

Springing rather easily, but they are
quickly wrong, dry.

Springing rather easily, but they are
quickly wrong, dry.

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